

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1756

DECEMBER 30, 1905

PRICE THREEPENCE

## DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF ASSURANCE.

LOW PREMIUMS. LOW EXPENSES.

### SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.  
WEST END: 17 PALL MALL, S.W.  
HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

#### Typewriting

**TYPEWRITING.**—Novels, 9d. 1000, reduction for quantities and regular work. Translations.—Miss HANDLEY, Needham Market, Suffolk.

**TO AUTHORS.**—Lady (experienced) undertakes **TYPEWRITING.**—Authors' MSS. from 10d. per 1000; **INDEXING** and **PROOF REVISING**; accuracy; promptitude; highest testimonials.—Miss FOOT, 48 Digby Mansions, Hammersmith.

**AUTHORS' MSS.,** 9d. per 1000 words, Sermons, Plays, Envelopes, and all kinds carefully typed at home (Remington). Good paper. Orders promptly executed.—M. L., 7 Vernon Road now known as 18 Edgeley Road, Clapham.

**TYPEWRITING** promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1000 words. Specimens and references.—Address, Miss MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

**PLAY TYPIST EXPERT.** Work to Dictation or from MSS. Novels, etc., 10d. 1000 words. Duplicating and Tabulating.—Mr. J. MORTON, 40 Queen's Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

**PROMPT AND ACCURATE TYPEWRITING** at 10d. per 1000 words, done by Old Public School Men: The author of "Vanessa" writes to us: "Your work is fine!"—LOUGHNAN BROS., 62 Perham Road, W. Kensington.

**TYPEWRITING** of all descriptions wanted by Lady (Royal Barlock Machine). Work carefully done and promptly returned. 10d. per 1000 words. Miss BRIDGES, Parsonage, Rudgwick.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Authors' MSS. of every description typewritten with promptness and accuracy at 7d. per 1000 words; envelope addressing and duplicating circulars at lowest terms. Specimens and testimonials on application.—Miss ALDERSON, 56 Boroughgate, Appleby, Westmorland.

### PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti, Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings, Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from

FREDK. WOLLYER, 9 PEMBROKE SQUARE, LONDON, W.  
Illustrated Catalogues 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

#### Art Gallery.

**EARLY BRITISH SCHOOL.**—SHEPHERD'S WINTER EXHIBITION includes choice Landscapes and Portraits by the Masters of the Early British School.—SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street, St. James's.

#### Books for Sale, etc.

**BY DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTORS** OF THE LATE C. D. HARROD, Esq.—A small collection of armour and arms of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries purchased at important sales between 1838 and 1897, and including four suits, trophies, and various specimens, also old sporting prints and curious old books. Messrs. John D. Wood & Co. will include the above in their sale at Culverwood, Heathfield, Sussex, on Thursday, January 4, 1906. Catalogues, 6 Mount Street, London, W.

**THOMAS THORP,**  
Secondhand Bookseller,  
100 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C., AND  
4 BROAD STREET, READING.

**MONTHLY CATALOGUES** from both Addresses. Libraries Purchased. Sale Commissions executed.

#### BIBLIOTHECA SOMERSETENSIS

A Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Ballads, and Broad-sides relating to the County of Somerset.

With full Index of Names and Subjects.

By EMANUEL GREEN, F.S.A.

3 vols., 4to, 1678 pp., £ 3 3s.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, Taunton;  
And all Booksellers.

**FIRST Editions of Modern Authors**, including Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth; Books illustrated by G. and R. Cruikshank, Phiz, Rowlandson, Leech, etc. The largest and choicest Collection offered for Sale in the World. Catalogues issued and sent post free on application. Books Bought.—WALTER T. SPENCER, 27 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

**J. POOLE & CO.** Established 1854.  
104 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

School, Classical, Mathematical, Scientific  
**BOOKSELLERS, New and Secondhand,**  
All inquiries as to Prices of Books in our VERY LARGE STOCK answered. BOOKS BOUGHT.

#### BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

**PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.**—New Books at greatly reduced prices. Scientific, Medical, and other works. Also books of Travel, Sport, and Adventure, Fiction, etc. New complete Catalogue now ready post free.

HENRY W. GLOVER, Remainder and Discount Bookseller, 114 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

#### THE MOSHER BOOKS.

**THE NEW CATALOGUE** for 1905, large octavo, choicely printed in red and black, in old style grey wrapper, uncut edges, mailed free on request.

THOMAS B. MOSHER,  
Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

#### DEVICES & DESIRES\* 3rd Edn.

New Poems. By P. HABBERTON LULHAM

"There is much that is delicately felt and finely expressed. 'The Old Doctor' is admirable."—WILLIAM ARCHER.

"These verses are the expression of a fine temperament, touched with a fine sympathy for fine ideals, emotions, and moods, all through these poems one feels a brave comradeship. The love poems are very spontaneous. They ring clean and clear."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"Imaginative strength . . . excellently poetic description . . . bold and beautiful imagery."—ACADEMY.

"He sings manfully, with genuine passion and a great variety of ideas."—THE TIMES.

"Excellent original ideas."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"Depth of feeling, and powers of original imagery, which are as rare as they are welcome."—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"The writing is simple and clear, the observation charming, and the passion indubitable."—THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

"We think it ('Heart Husbandry') an admirable sonnet well worthy of a place in any sonnet anthology of the present decade."—THE DAILY NEWS.

\*BRIMLEY JOHNSON & INCE, 35 Leicester Sq. 3/6 net.

#### Books Wanted

**CURRENT Literature and Surplus Books** of every kind bought at fair prices for cash by HOLMES BROS., 4 Manette Street, Charing Cross Road (many years with Mrs. C. Hindley, of Bookellers' Row).

**THE Laws of Virginia, 1662**  
The Monk, 3 vols, Waterford, 1795 or 1796  
The National Standard, 2 vols, 1833  
The Natural History of Selborne, 1789 or 1813  
The Naval Officers, 3 vols, 1829, or any vol  
The Necessity of Atheism, Worthing, 1811  
The Pentland Rising (a pamphlet), Edinburgh, 1866  
The Reprisals, a comedy, 1757  
Thermal Influence of Forests; pamphlet (Edinburgh), 1873  
Thespian Magazine, 3 vols, 1793-4  
The Strayed Reveler, by A., 1849  
The Struggling Player, 3 vols, 1802  
The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, 3 vols, 1848  
Thevet (A.) France Antarctique, 4to, 1558  
The Waggoner, 1819  
The Walls, an apostrophic hymn, by Horace Hornem (a pamphlet), 1813  
Thomas, History of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, London, 1698  
Thornton (A.) Don Juan, his Life in London, 2 vols, 1821-2, or either vol  
Thornton's Nottinghamshire, 1677  
Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd, 1835  
Thoughts on Hunting, any edition before 1830  
Tol's Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, 1829-32, 2 vols  
Tom Brown's Schoolboys, 1857  
Tom Jones, 6 vols, 1749, or either vol  
Tom Moody's Tales, 1864  
Tony Butler, 3 vols, 1865

Walter T. Spencer, 27 New Oxford Street, W.C.

#### DR. WEYMOUTH'S NEW TESTAMENT, WITH NOTES.

Oxford India paper, gilt edges, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; blue leather (for presents), 5s. net. Ordinary paper, cloth, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net; blue leather, gilt edges, 4s. net.

#### THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN SPEECH.

By the late

R. F. WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.LIT.

Edited by

E. HAMPDEN-COOK, M.A., Sandbach.

"By far the best of its kind."—PRINCIPAL SALMOND.  
"Reverent, scholarly."—DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

LONDON: J. CLARKE & CO.  
NEW YORK: BAKER & TAYLOR.

## Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts

Written by competent experts and providing information of really practical value to Collectors and Students, without perplexing the reader with unimportant and unnecessary details. Very particular attention has been paid to the illustrations, which are both numerous and of the highest quality; these are photographic reproductions from existing specimens, and where colour is necessary no expense has been spared to give the best possible representation.

Medium 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

NOW READY.

OLD PEWTER. By Malcolm Bell.

DUTCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By W. Pitcairn Knowles

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE. By Frederick Fenn and B. Wyllie.

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY, By A. F. Kendrick.

ENGLISH TABLE GLASS, By Percy Bate.

IN THE PRESS.

FRENCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By Henri Frantz.

SHEFFIELD PLATE. By B. Wyllie

"Will appeal strongly to collectors."—STANDARD.

"The illustrations are numerous and beautiful."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"From beginning to end it is always companionable, sincere, and instructive; we can imagine no more useful and agreeable volume."—BYSTANDER.

## Drawings of the Great Masters

These Volumes contain about 48 Illustrations on a large scale. Many of the reproductions are printed in tints and mounted on a paper to harmonise with them. The books are bound in delicately printed paper boards with vellum backs. The beautiful binding design of the series has been made by Mr. GRANVILLE FELL, and is printed in three colours.

4to, 7s. 6d. net each.

ALBRECHT DURER. By Dr. Hans Singer.

HOLBEIN. By A. L. Baldry.

"It is sure of a welcome. The reproductions are printed with unusual care."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

"The books are not too thick or heavy, but just large enough to give an appropriate rendering of detail and a fair reproduction to large compositions, and the plain gray bindings are excellently designed . . . the reproductions of these, some of them tinted, are especially fine."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

## Modern Master Draughtsmen

Uniform with "Drawings of the Great Masters"

7s. 6d. net each.

DRAWINGS BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES. By T. Martin Wood.

DRAWINGS OF SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. By Malcolm Bell.

DRAWINGS OF ROSSETTI. By T. Martin Wood.

DRAWINGS OF J. M. SWAN, R.A. By A. L. Baldry.

DRAWINGS OF MENZEL. By Dr. Hans Singer.

"Carefully selected and well reproduced . . . full of value to the student and of delight to those who can appreciate their delicate beauty of form and remarkable force of expression."—STUDIO.

## Master Etchers

Uniform with "Drawings of the Great Masters"

7s. 6d. net.

MERYON. By Hugh Stokes.

BY THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST.

## The Story of the Champions of the Round Table

By HOWARD PYLE. With many full-page Drawings and Decorations by the Author. Royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Deals with the Adventures of Launcelot, Tristram, Percival, and the other chiefs of the various groups in King Arthur's Court, in a manner at once spirited and poetic. The illustrations, both the full-pages and the decorative embellishments, with the Author's title-page, and about fifty illustrations, lift the book into the class of Art Works.

## The Story of King Arthur and his Knights

By HOWARD PYLE. Profusely Illustrated by the Author. 10s. 6d. net.

"A sympathetic presentment of the various Arthurian legends."—TIMES.

"A beautiful variation of an ancient and beautiful theme . . . it is enough praise to say that the prose of these old tales is equal to the pictures."—DAILY NEWS.

## The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood of Great Renown in Nottinghamshire

Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. 10s. 6d. net.

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, LONDON, W.C.



## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week . . .	1347	Literary Causerie:	
Literature:		Wordsworth and Barron	
The Electra of Euripides . . .	1349	Field—II. . . . .	1358
Whence comes Life? . . .	1350	Fiction . . . . .	1361
Mary Queen of Scots . . .	1351	Fine Art:	
The War of 1812 . . .	1352	Charles Conder and Jacques	
American Notes . . .	1353	Blanche . . . . .	1362
Pioneers . . . . .	1353	Music:	
Cambridge Theological Essays	1354	Peter Ilich Tchaikowski . .	1363
Ariant Thee! . . . . .	1356	Correspondence . . . . .	1364
The Passing of the Detective .	1356	Bookshelf . . . . .	1366
Defoe and Selkirk at Bristol .	1357		

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE last issue of the year naturally induces one to throw a retrospective glance over the literary events of the past twelve months. They have not been remarkable in any one particular branch, and yet by a general concurrence the business side of literature has shown very great improvement. In other words, though the publishers have not had anything startling through their hands, the booksellers have been very busy. The trade does not seem to have been so exclusively in new books as is usual: publishers now vie with one another in producing beautiful reprints of older literature. New books are to a large extent read through the libraries and not purchased, but those of proved excellence cannot be enjoyed in this way, and most fittingly are placed on the library shelves. As, however, they are much used in presentation it is certainly desirable that they should be printed and bound as well as is possible.

On looking through the output of the year, one is half inclined to believe that the taste of the reading public is undergoing one of its periodical changes. Time was when it could be satisfied with nothing but novels, and these were poured from the press in a relentless stream from the beginning to the end of the season. The most enjoyable books of the past year have been not fiction but biography. The gossiping account of Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle had all the charm of a work of fiction and the additional merit of being, in a sense, history. Many other volumes of a similar kind have appeared in the course of the year. Perhaps the reason of their being read with so much more zest is that the novel-writer of to-day seems to have lost his old sense of actuality. There is plenty of ingenuity, plenty of cleverness in his work, but it lacks that simple moderation which marks the highest work of this kind.

Mr. Sidney Lee, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, has communicated to the *Times* an interesting, though minor, discovery about Shakespeare. It is contained in the household-book of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, for the year beginning August 1612 and ending August 1613. Under the general heading of "Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions," the following "item" appears:

1613.

Item, 31 Martii, to Mr. Shakspeare in gold about my Lorde's impreso xliiij s; to Richard Burbage for paynting and making yt, in gold xliiij s—liij li viij s.

Mr. Lee shows that when Shakespeare retired from the great work of his life, he assisted a luxurious leader of Court society to make an "impreso." Concerning an "impreso," or, more correctly, an "impresa," Mr. Lee tells us:

Strictly speaking, an "impresa" was a hieroglyphical or pictorial design (in miniature) which suggested some markedly characteristic quality or experience of the person for whom it was devised, while

three or four words, of slightly epigrammatic flavour, were appended to drive the application home. The "motto" or "words," which rarely exceeded four, was commonly a fragment of a quotation from a classical or modern poet. Almost every language was enlisted in the service of Elizabethan "impreso," but Italian and Latin were employed most frequently.

In following out the subject Mr. Lee says that the fashion of having an "impresa," was one that no well-bred Elizabethan or Jacobean failed to follow, and he gives three examples, the first of which is that of Sir Francis Drake, whose "impresa" showed "a ship in full sail riding on a terrestrial globe and tied by golden hawsers to a hand projecting from an overhanging cloud; the motto ran, 'Auxilio divino' (With Heaven's aid)." Another that he gives represents two greyhounds, one running and the other chained to a tree, with the label, "In libertate labor" (In freedom, labour), under the free greyhound, and "In servitute dolor" (In servitude, grief) under the chained greyhound. Sir Philip Sidney's "impresa" showed "the tideless Caspian Sea, which, encircled by high rocks, neither ebbs nor flows: the motto was 'Sine reflexu' (No going back)." Shakespeare's connection with the Duke of Rutland is satisfactorily explained by the fact that the latter was a companion of Shakespeare's patron and friend, the Earl of Southampton.

So great has been the success which has crowned the Queen's maiden effort as an editor that it seems almost an impertinence to praise her "Christmas Carol." Everybody who is anybody in the world of letters has contributed to it, and art and music are represented. Mr. Swinburne sends a characteristic "Carol for Charity"; Mr. Thomas Hardy contributes "Orphaned: a point of view"; and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Sir Lewis Morris also send poems. There are pieces grave and gay, wise and otherwise, humorous and pathetic; and, oddly enough, none touches a more sincere note of pathos than Mr. Albert Chevalier's "The Workhouse Man"—a picture of an old cockney, separated from his wife, reflecting on the strangeness of the ways of officialdom, but resigned and uncomplaining. The poem is unambitious, but there is true poetry in the last line of the verse which runs:

Then on Sundays we all goes to church for a while,  
When we 'ears the old story told over agin,  
And sometimes the missus looks up with a smile  
As she 'ears of a crown that the patient may win.  
Ain't it strange they should part us in church—in the place  
Where, when life was before us, we two was made one?  
It's the thought of that time brings a smile to 'er face:  
For the dream ain't forgot, tho' the dreaming is done.

From Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. W. Pett Ridge, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs we have "the sort of thing we expect from Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Pett Ridge, and Mr. Jacobs: but it is difficult to entertain preferences in a book so uniformly good. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Sir Edward Poynter, and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon are here; and Mr. Tom Browne, Mr. Linley Sambourne and Mr. Louis Wain are as amusing as ever. Let none buy the Queen's "Carol" with the idea that his is the charity: never before, we rest assured, has a pot-pourri of half the value been issued for the modest sum of half a crown. Editors and contributors are to be congratulated on the publication of an excellent book, and a word of praise is due to the Ballantyne Press and to the binders.

The American *Critic* announces for early publication a number of love-letters written by Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant. We had occasion recently to recall the circumstances of that love-affair in an article on Constant's "Adolphe." The present announcement is the more interesting because it was generally believed that the correspondence had been destroyed. On hearing of

Benjamin Constant's death in 1831, Madame de Staël's daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie, wrote on the subject to Charles de Constant, Benjamin's cousin, a letter from which the following is an extract:

There should exist at Lausanne a box of papers belonging to M. Benjamin Constant and possibly containing some letters from my mother. I have M. Constant's written instructions that all these letters shall be handed over to me, and I ask you as a friend to ascertain in whose hands this box is, and if I can have full confidence that it is safe against all indiscretion, and that M. Constant's wishes will be carried out. . . . If you know of any other quarter in which papers belonging to M. Constant might be found I shall be obliged if you will give me the information. I beg you not to mention the subject of this letter to any one, and I am confident that you will not think me indiscreet.

This letter is printed by M. Jean-H. Menos, who was entrusted, in 1888, with the publication of Benjamin Constant's "Correspondence with his family," and who should therefore have been in a position to know what happened. He states quite definitely that "the documents which the Duchesse de Broglie demanded so anxiously were delivered to her," and the belief was that, if they had not been burnt, they were in that Tower of Coppet in which M. d'Haussonville preserves the Necker and Staël archives with jealous care. It is now stated, however, that the letters are being published, in opposition to his wishes, by a member of the Constant family. There is here an interesting literary mystery of which we shall doubtless see the solution in due course.

The old Sardinian Chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which a ruthless County Council has already marked for demolition, has some associations of interest. The Lord George Gordon riots of 1780 began with the demolition of its predecessor, in which Nollekens, the sculptor, had been christened forty-three years before. Opposite it, too, Benjamin Franklin lived, apparently for nearly a year, in 1725-6, on his first visit to London. He was then employed as a compositor at Watt's printing-house near Lincoln's Inn Fields, and "my lodging in Little Britain being too remote, I found another in Duke Street, opposite to the Romish Chapel. It was two pair of stairs backwards, at an Italian warehouse." His landlady, a widow, and a convert to the Catholic religion, "had lived much among people of distinction, and knew a thousand anecdotes of them as far back as the time of Charles II."

Her company Franklin found "highly amusing," and they used often to sup together on "only half an anchovy each, on a very little strip of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was in her conversation." This did not prevent the young printer from obtaining a reduction in his rent from 3s. 6d. to rs. 6d. a week by threatening to leave—an act for which his desire to save money hardly seems sufficient excuse. The nearness of the "Romish Chapel" brought the widow another remarkable lodger. This was a maiden lady of seventy, who had wished to enter a convent on the Continent, but had been forced, as the climate did not agree with her, to return to England. There were then no nunneries here, so she adopted in her private way the life of a religious. Her estate, save only £12 a year, she devoted to charity, and she had been allowed for many years to live in the garret of the Italian warehouse rent free. Franklin was only permitted to visit her once, when she explained to him "with great seriousness" a picture which she had of St. Veronica and her handkerchief. Franklin, with his curiously positive, unimaginative mind, was only impressed by the fact that this saintly person subsisted entirely on water-gruel. He records that she looked pale but was never sick, and he gives it as another instance on how small an income life and health may be supported.

The Sardinian Chapel, as rebuilt after the Gordon Riots, is perhaps chiefly remarkable because Nicholas Wiseman, the future Cardinal, delivered there a series of addresses which caused no little stir. Mr. Gladstone came to hear them, and so did many others not of the Catholic religion. Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives, in his admirable biography of the Cardinal, a detailed account both of the lectures and of the controversy which they aroused.

The lecture on Ruskin lately delivered at Venice before the King and Queen of Italy by M. de Robert de la Sizeranne has been published in a French magazine. To M. de la Sizeranne, Ruskin is the prophet of the coming age, and he sets himself in his lecture to explain the love of Ruskin for Venice and the love of the public for Ruskin. In regard to the love of Ruskin for Venice he points out that Ruskin was a genuine Englishman and an artist to boot, and in Venice he found combined all that he needed to satisfy his complex and passionate nature. For, historically, Venice was a queen of the ocean waves and a commercial city, while, from the point of view of art, she represents the triumph of dissymmetry and colours. Nowhere, therefore, are the doctrines of Ruskin better understood or more quickly realised.

As for Ruskin's popularity, in spite of his wearisome pedantry and cruel dogmatism, M. de la Sizeranne thinks that it is to be explained by the fact that he is the writer who deals best with the æsthetic and social problems that we have to solve. For, just as the Palace of the Doges looks out on one side over a square and on the other over the sea, so Ruskin turned his attention most of all to art with its infinite horizons and to the crowd with its unmeasured capacity for good and bad, for social upheaval and fatalistic calm. And besides all this, gratitude is due to Ruskin for his protest against the formalism of the Renaissance, for his worship of the Primitives, for his veneration for all the artistic remains of bygone ages, for his tender sympathy with the humble, for his gospel of work, for his apostolic mission on behalf of beauty for the masses, and for his passionate sincerity.

Arrangements have been made with Lord Curzon for the publication, by Messrs. Macmillan, early in the New Year, of a selection from the speeches delivered in India and at home during the period of his Viceroyalty. The title of the book will be "Lord Curzon in India," and the speeches will be grouped according to subjects, and in them are explained the theory and objects of British rule in India, the character of the administration, the nature of the problems that confront the Government, and the manner in which they are being solved. A full introduction dealing with Lord Curzon's administration, and providing a nexus to the speeches, and a synopsis of the present condition of India under British rule, will be contributed by Sir Thomas Raleigh, who served for five years under Lord Curzon as Legal Member of Council.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will, early in January, publish a "History of English Porcelain," by W. Moore Binns. The work deals with English porcelain from its birth in about 1744 to about the year 1850. It does not claim to be a history of English ceramics, but the author, as a practical potter, and one deeply interested in all that appertains to English china, has endeavoured to point out and to draw conclusions from the practical side of "potting," and the technical peculiarities and differences which confront and frequently puzzle the amateur in order to extend, if possible, knowledge and understanding of Early English Porcelain. The illustrations have been selected as far as possible from private collections.



## LITERATURE

## THE ELECTRA OF EURIPIDES

*The Electra of Euripides.* Translated into English rhyming verse, with explanatory notes, by GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D. (Allen, 2s. net.)

It is impossible to write or even talk about the *Electra* of Euripides without referring to the silly criticisms of Schlegel, who judged the play by the standards of conventional classicism. As Keats and Tennyson were vilified by adherents to the old schools, minds closed against new impressions, so Euripides has been belittled by those who could not look upon the drama except from the standpoint of Aeschylus and Sophocles. Such critics would utterly condemn Jane Austen because she did not employ the methods of Scott. The genial and chivalrous Wizard of the North characteristically urged that while he could do what he modestly called "The big bow-wow," there was a woman capable of delicate psychological analysis which lay beyond his powers. In the same way Aeschylus and Sophocles could do "the big bow-wow," but Euripides deliberately betook himself to psychology. Let us hear Dr. Murray:

Electra is the central figure of the tragedy. A woman shattered in childhood by the shock of an experience too terrible for a girl to bear; a poisoned and a haunted woman, eating her heart in ceaseless broodings of hate and love, alike unsatisfied—hate against her mother and stepfather [Clytemnestra and Aegisthus], love for her dead father [Agamemnon] and her brother [Orestes] in exile; a woman who has known luxury and state, and cares much for them; who is intolerant of poverty, and who feels her youth passing away.

Sophocles deals with the matricide imposed on Orestes by divine command, as Homer did, without moral questioning. Aeschylus "faces the horror; realises it; and tries to surmount in on the sweep of a great wave of religious emotion." But Euripides shows himself here as elsewhere in the words of E. B. Browning:

Euripides the human, with his droppings of warm tears.

He carries us, as Aristophanes said, "back to the things which we experience and live with." "Sad Electra's poet" was, for Milton, not Sophocles nor Aeschylus, but Euripides.

Euripides . . . represents intellectually the thought of Aeschylus carried a step further. He faced the problem just as Aeschylus did, and as Sophocles did not. But the solution offered by Aeschylus did not satisfy him. It cannot, in its actual details, satisfy any one. To him the mother-murder—like most acts of revenge, but more than most—was a sin and a horror. Therefore it should not have been committed; and the god who enjoined it *did* command evil, as he had done in a hundred other cases! He is no god of light; he is only a demon of old superstition, acting, among other influences, upon a sore-beset man, and driving him towards a mis-called duty, the horror of which, when done, will unseat his reason. But another problem interests Euripides even more than this. What kind of man was it—above all, what kind of woman can it have been—who would do this deed of mother-murder not in sudden fury but deliberately, as an act of "justice," after many years?

No character in extant Greek tragedy is more carefully studied than that of Electra by Euripides. What should we not give to have the Althaea of the lost *Meleager*? Did he make her the terrible woman of the Ninth book of the *Iliad*, or the milder heroine of Bacchylides and Ovid? The essential difference between the Electra of Euripides and the Electra of Sophocles and Aeschylus is that Euripides portrays her as wedded to a Peasant, a representation of a class which the poet profoundly admires, a class "which saves the State." This Peasant maintains an attitude of distant respectfulness to the Atrideid princess—a trait which makes Schlegel jest, though "wi' deeficulty." Hear the poet himself:

Aye, mine she is:  
But never yet these arms—the Cyprian knows  
My truth!—have clasped her body, and she goes  
A virgin still. Myself would hold it shame  
To abase the daughter of a royal name.  
I am too lowly to love violence. . . .

Doth any deem me fool, to hold a fair  
Maid in my room and seek no joy, but spare  
Her maidenhood? If any such there be,  
Let him but look within. The fool is he  
In gentle things, weighing the more and less  
Of love by his own heart's untenderness.

To follow out the development of the character of Electra, or that of Clytemnestra, which is marked by very distinctive features, would require far more space than we have at our command. After all, the best answer to Schlegel is *solvitur perlegendum*. Let our readers who can read Greek turn to the play itself, and let those who cannot, read Dr. Murray's charming version. If they fail to see that the *Electra* of Euripides is a very beautiful play, it will not be the translator's fault. Of course in a play rhymed throughout there must be words and thoughts interpolated and omitted under the severe exigencies of the metre, but these modifications of the original Greek are not such as to lead to any misconception of the merits of the play as a whole. In order to justify what we have said we ought to give specimens of the translator's art both in the iambic and in the lyrical parts of the play. As an example of the first we would give part of the speech of Electra:

I will tell thee all: my woes,  
My father's woes, . . . Tell of this narrow cloak  
In the wind; this grime and reek of toil, that choke  
My breathing; this low roof that bows my head  
After a king's. This raiment—thread by thread,  
'Tis I must weave it, or go bare—must bring,  
Myself, each jar of water from the spring.  
No holy day for me, no festival,  
No dance upon the green! From all, from all  
I am cut off. No portion hath my life  
'Mid wives of Argos, being no true wife.  
No portion where the maidens throng to praise  
Castor—my Castor, whom in ancient days,  
Ere he passed from us and men worshipped him,  
They named my bridegroom!—  
And she, she . . . the grim  
Troy spoils gleam round her throne, and by each hand  
Queens of the East, my father's prisoners, stand,  
A cloud of Orient webs and tangling gold.  
And there upon the floor, the blood, the old  
Black blood, yet crawls and cankers, like a rot  
In the stone! And on our father's chariot  
The murderer's foot stands glorying, and the red  
False hand uplifts that ancient staff, that led  
The armies of the world!

As a specimen of the lyrical part of the drama one would choose, though embarrassed by the copiousness of choice passages, the choral ode (1147 ff.) on the death of Agamemnon:

Lo, the returns of wrong.  
The wind as a changed thing  
Whispereth overhead  
Of one that of old lay dead  
In the water lapping long:  
My King, O my King!  
  
A cry in the rafters then  
Rang, and the marble dome:  
"Mercy of God, not thou,  
Woman! To slay me now,  
After the harvests ten  
Now, at the last, come home!"  
  
O Fate shall turn as the tide,  
Turn with a doom of tears  
For the flying heart too fond;  
A doom for the broken bond.  
She hailed him there in his pride,  
Home from the perilous years,  
  
In the heart of his walled lands,  
In the Giants' cloud-capt ring;  
Herself, none other, laid  
The hone to the axe's blade;  
She lifted it in her hands,  
The woman, and slew her king.

Whatever may be said about the character of Orestes in the play that bears his name or in the *Andromache*, in the *Electra* nothing can be said against it save that it is

not very thoroughly studied. There is one touch which recalls *Hamlet*:

ORESTES (*turning suddenly to ELECTRA*)  
Stay! How if some fiend of Hell,  
Hid in God's likeness, spake that oracle?

One is reminded of *Hamlet*:

The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the Devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me.

We strongly recommend to our readers the note on pp. 89 f. in which Dr. Murray combats the current theory that the passage concerning the Signs of Orestes is a weak and undignified attack on the *Choephoro* of Aeschylus.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

### WHENCE COMES LIFE?

*The Nature and Origin of Living Matter.* By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN. (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

NATURE is the great mother of riddles. Some we have solved, but a great many more await solution. Whence comes life? promises to be the hardest of these; and, so far, we have had little but wild guesses at the answer thereto, as the past bears witness: but to-day we have settled down steadily to plough up the field of Life, each of us fondly hoping that he has succeeded in harnessing to his plough Nature's heifer, which, sooner or later, will guide him to the spot where lies the hidden casket enshrining the mystery we seek to explore. Ever and anon there reaches us an exultant cry that the treasure has been unearthed, but when, for the moment, we turn aside to congratulate the finder and feast our eyes on the spoil, we find that the lid of the casket, when raised, releases but a jack-in-the-box.

The latest of these treasure chests to be opened is that of Dr. Bastian, and much jubilation has been expressed by some at its contents. One or two have even gone so far as to sing their *Nunc dimittis*. That this should be so is strange indeed, for most surely this same chest is packed with nothing more than the shrivelled remains of hasty conclusions, buried some years since, and now galvanised into a semblance of life; and we are asked to believe that we are, indeed, after all, confronted with the object of our search. Briefly, we are told that we can watch the birth of life from the emanations of the liquor of boiled rose-leaves; we can see this stupendous phenomenon take place in the tail of a "water-flea," or, if we choose, we can raise living bodies from filtered soup, or an infusion of hay!

That the author is convinced of the truth of what he sets forth in his book none can doubt, but that he will succeed in making converts among men of science is not to be expected. He has, indeed, frustrated any hope he may have entertained in this direction by his open avowal that he desires to "emphasise the fact that the researches which I am about to detail have no pretence to be conducted in ways that are proper and usual in the great bulk of bacteriological inquiries." By way of indicating at one and the same time the scope, and the lack of reasoning of these pages, let us take a few examples of the experiments described.

We start with a "proliferous pellicle." This may be obtained in many ways. Hay, cut into short pieces, placed in a beaker and covered with water will do excellently well:

After maceration for three or four hours at a temperature of about 86° F. . . the infusion has been filtered through two layers of the finest Swedish filtering paper into another smaller beaker. In this way all but the smallest particles—one-fifteen-thousand of an inch or thereabouts—will be excluded.

A "bacterial scum" soon forms on this fluid, and these bacteria are described as creating a "transparent jelly-like or glæal substance," by means of which the constituent units of the scum are blended. A drop of this jelly-like

mass placed under the microscope shows myriads of free and active bacteria, as well as minute, motionless, and rather ill-defined whitish corpuscles, these last being best seen when the microscope is placed a little out of focus. If a portion of this jelly be examined from twelve to sixteen hours later there will be found thousands of active monads "all of about the same size as the motionless corpuscles previously seen to be forming, and each moving more or less rapidly by means of a single flagellum." These bacteria, we are to believe, were developed, not from pre-existing germs, but *de novo* from the infusion, and further, out of the jelly-like mass created by the bacteria there arose later the monads. But tragedy not seldom forms the sequel to this strange, eventful history, for the newly-evolved and lusty monads may turn upon their first parents and eat them! Sometimes, we are assured, the chlorophyll corpuscles of the water-weed *nitella* turn into animal organisms such as amebæ, or *Actinophrys*—a lowly animal organism common in ponds and ditches; while, stranger still, the eggs of a "gnat-like" fly have given rise to ciliated infusoria!

One more example should suffice. Bacteria are found in the kidneys of the higher animals, including man himself. These the author regards not as the descendants of pre-existing bacteria, but as spontaneously generated. The germicidal action of the blood, he maintains, rules the possibility of the descent theory out of court: and as an additional evidence of this germicidal property he asserts that these organisms have not been detected in the bloodstream. Since then, he contends, these bacteria could neither have been carried by the blood, nor have penetrated the kidney by forcing their way through the outer wall of this organ they must have originated *de novo*. But the author, as a medical man, should know that the blood forms an admirable carrier—unfortunately for us—of bacterial germs of all kinds; why, therefore, cannot the particular species to which he refers have been carried by the same medium? It is curious that he should find this explanation so difficult when he himself is obliged to admit that intestinal worms, and the deadly *trichina spiralis*, which embeds itself in the flesh of pigs and men alike, are the product of organisms like themselves.

That the author should not, long ere this, have seen the fallacy of his deductions is amazing. In the first place, unicellular organisms though they be, those whose strange begetting he has described are for the most part highly specialised, *qua* unicellular organisms. Yet they come into the world, according to Dr. Bastian, at one and the same time with the most lowly forms. Fragments of a plant, in the shape of chlorophyll corpuscles, give rise to animals. Ciliated infusoria arise incontinently from bacteria or flies' eggs, dead rotifers, or the decomposing protoplasm of minute crustacea. If this be true, then is our faith in evolution a vain thing indeed!

Our author's experiences are diametrically opposed to those of all other scientific workers, who find that the organisms which form the subject of these quaint experiments behave very differently, conforming indeed in the matter of their birth to the same rules as obtain among the higher organisms. Thus, a bacterium, if isolated and placed in favourable conditions, will produce nothing but bacteria like itself, and this too in a very unmistakable manner, inasmuch as it has been computed that a single microbe weighing 0.000,000,001,571 milligramme could, at the end of three days, have increased to nearly forty-eight billions, a mass which would weigh some 7500 tons. Fortunately a limited supply of food makes this unattainable, but with such powers of multiplication there is small room for wonder that the surface of the earth teems with them: that our bodies, inside and out, swarm with them.

The theory of abiogenesis has been weighed and found wanting, not once but many times; and it is a mere waste of time, and a weariness of the flesh, to reiterate the arguments or to repeat the experiments which have led to the laying of this ghost. Dr. Bastian's experiments, if they prove anything, prove too much. They not only affect to show the origin of living matter but that organisms of



some complexity of structure come into being fully formed at the same time, and from the same drop of fluid, as organisms simpler in type, and more nearly approximating to what we should expect to find in a newly created living body. The marvel is, not that Dr. Eastian has seen so much, but that he has not seen more, arising from such messes as formed the subject of his experiments. If he will but take care to isolate his organisms, to ensure that his fluid media contain not a mixture of germs, but pure cultures, he will find his bacteria no longer produce monads, amœbæ, ciliated infusoria, and what not besides, but bacteria like themselves.

That living protoplasm must, at some time, have arisen from non-living matter we do not doubt; and there is, of course, no *à priori* reason why the conditions which formed this should not some day be repeated in our laboratories. Such a thing is possible—but possibilities, as an earlier writer on this theme has remarked, do not lie within the boundaries of science.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

*Mary Queen of Scots, her Environment and Tragedy.* By T. F. HENDERSON. 2 vols. (Hutchinson, 24s.)

THE demand for books about Mary Stuart still continues to grow. Mr. Henderson's volume is at least the fourth separate biography of her which has appeared during this year alone, to say nothing of half a dozen shorter sketches, some of them very good ones, in serious histories of larger scope. Of all these lives Mr. Henderson's is without doubt the best and most thorough. His advantages over his rivals are many. He has already published more than a score of books, articles, and contributions to the "Dictionary of National Biography," in which he has traversed the whole ground covered by these volumes. He has also written at length on the Casket Letters. As we might expect from so experienced a scholar, he handles his subject with decision, facility and independence. But it must be confessed that, though the old interest in the story is well maintained, few new facts or new documents are brought to our notice.

Mr. Henderson has reviewed his own previous conclusions, and those of his school, and has done so in a broad-minded way, and with increased sympathy for the much-suffering queen. But he has not yet reached the golden mean of absolute impartiality, nor does he write with the divine gift of perfect sympathy with the great heart whose sad fate was "one of the most poignant examples of human tragedy." For instance, he rather reproaches Mr. Lang for only accepting the Casket Letters "against the general bent of his sympathies," which is surely just the frame of mind with which every truly impartial judge should consider them. As for himself, "while I have no reason," he says, "to be prejudiced in favour of Mary's accusers, I quite admit that before I read Mr. Lang's book I was a convinced believer in the genuineness of the Letters." If Mr. Henderson himself recognises that he approached one part of his study with his mind already "convinced" against the queen, those who are more in sympathy with her will readily perceive that he has come to other branches of his subject also with similar prepossessions. His belief in Mary's "ambition," of which so much is made, appears to rest on no other foundation. He has evidently been on his guard to prevent anything from hurrying him into statements against Mary's religion and her co-religionists which might savour of prejudice. Yet unawares he makes many slips. On p. 246, for instance, he confuses Mary's resolve to give her life rather than renounce her faith, with the resolution to imperil it in propagating that faith. On p. 604 he brings against the Pope a charge of abetting assassination which he cannot, and does not attempt to, justify. The Bull of Divorce in 1570, mentioned at p. 534, is plainly

apocryphal, as the Catholic process of divorce did not begin till 1575, and was never completed.

Upon the whole, then, we must count this history as so far unfriendly that Mary is represented as certainly participating both in the murder of Darnley and in Babington's plot against Elizabeth's life. As to the former, Mr. Henderson, as it appears to me, forms his conclusions with too much reliance upon hostile evidence. To use a convenient form of speech—a modern jury would not condemn on that evidence, whereas Mr. Henderson so represents the case that there seems no room for coming even to the verdict of "Not Proven." There is, to be sure, the unexceptionable evidence of Mary's own well-informed friends, which I have collected in "Papal Negotiations," p. cxxix., and which brings one a great part of the way towards Mr. Henderson's conclusion. But so long as a tenable line of defence seems to exist, the possibility of maintaining it should not be ignored, especially as, owing to hostile influences, the opportunity for defence was all but entirely denied her.

Mr. Henderson is fond of decided judgments; and reasons for scientific doubt, or for recognising two sides to a disputed question, are frequently overlooked. He is decidedly weak in appreciating the case of those who happen to differ from him. This is clearly seen in his account of the Babington conspiracy and of Mary's trial, where he really does not do justice to either side, so little pains does he take to explain what was the actual point of Walsingham's attack and of Mary's defence. There is, indeed, a certain amount of careless work here. For instance, he rolls the three Giffords concerned in this episode into one, he does not seem aware that the conspiracy embraced two distinct plots, and he does not distinguish between the parts played by the different *agents provocateurs*.

Besides his inability to appreciate views different from his own, Mr. Henderson has a trick of using odd words. He will write for instance "to homologate," "to resilie," "to corcuss," where ordinary people would say "to approve," "to recede," "to coerce." These foibles are perhaps sufficient to account for the discourteous tone which he adopts in Appendix A, while arguing with Mr. Andrew Lang upon "The Casket Letters." He speaks as a man might who wished to hint that his adversary was disingenuous, or worse. Whether tenable or not (I have never myself held it), Mr. Lang's conjecture about the origin of Letter II. is at least a perfectly legitimate one. But Mr. Henderson seems incapable of discussing it calmly. He amasses against it every apparent reason that he can think of, though they are too crudely stated to be easily comprehended, and in their multitude become quite confusing. They are, moreover, interspersed with reflections on his opponent's "intellectual nimbleness," "elusive hedgings," "dexterous insinuations," "blunders," "manœuvres," "strategical retreats," and other phrases which do not befit an academic discussion.

To sum up, the presentation of Queen Mary, with the exceptions above mentioned, is good and true to nature for the period during which she can be observed in freedom, while she displayed to the world her great and royal heart, facing her enemies in the field of battle, meeting diplomats in the council chamber, and discharging with grace and gaiety the duties of hostess, or the functions of a queen, and Mr. Henderson can make allowances for the strong temptations which led to her fall. But in her long and cruel confinement he loses touch with her. Without adequate conception of her rights, or of the part which as a Queen and a Catholic she should have played, he considers her now as an actress, a *dévoté*, a mischief-maker. But her conduct at her trial and execution again appeals to him and he concludes with a fitting testimony to her great qualities.

One excuse, however, he passes over, which perhaps explains more than anything else. A girl of her age and character stood in need of home influences, which should on the one hand have been ennobling and conservative

and on the other have been lovingly and unfeignedly on the side of correctness and circumspection. Her lot, on the contrary, was cast in with a set of bastard brothers, a court of turbulent nobles, the ministry of selfish revolutionary statesmen. Hated, thwarted and chided when she was in the right, by the religionists of the period, what wonder, that after years of vexation she was not deterred by their censure from doing, what a mother's care or truly respected friends might have averted?

There are, of course, a multitude of minor issues, as to which opinions are sure to differ. Mr. Henderson speaks of the "entire sincerity" of Maitland of Lethington's main political aims, while others have stigmatised him as "the chameleon." If the latter extreme is undeserved, so too, surely, is the former. Again I cannot agree that it was inherently impossible for Catholics and Protestants to tolerate one another. The difficulty arose through the Reformation having been introduced with a vast social and economic revolution, which prevented the classes usually on the side of order and justice from making their influence felt.

Mr. Henderson should instruct those who arrange the letterpress of his illustrations not to state that this or that reproduction is "from the painting at —," when it is evidently taken from a *print* of the painting, which is a very different thing. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, but several of the portraits are very familiar, and some of the buildings are represented in a state centuries later than that in which Mary visited them.

I must not conclude without thanking Mr. Henderson for the uniform courtesy with which, from time to time, he quotes and discusses statements and views which I have propounded.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

#### THE WAR OF 1812

*Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812.* By Captain A. T. MAHAN, D.C.L., LL.D., U.S.N. 2 vols. (Sampson Low, 36s. net.)

THE war of 1812 is not one to which either of the participants can look back with unmixed feelings of pride or satisfaction. Probably about no other war has there been in the past so much misrepresentation. On the American side the purpose to be served was largely political and intended to cover up mistakes of diplomacy; while on this side the distortion of facts had for its object the appeasing of our national vanity, which had sustained a severe blow by the defeats at sea of our men-of-war, and the heavy losses inflicted on our mercantile marine. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the first attempt to write a really impartial story of the struggle was made by an American, the man who now fills the important office of President of the United States. But Mr. Roosevelt's "War of 1812" was not entirely free from an under-estimation of those elements which gave to the American frigates their superiority over their British antagonists in several of the more important single ship engagements of the war, while similar inaccuracies may be found in the history of the navy edited by the late Sir William Laird Clowes. If, therefore, it were only for the severely judicial manner in which Captain Mahan has performed his task in dealing with the incidents of the war, and his obvious determination to be historically and impartially accurate, we should welcome these two volumes, the last of the series which began with that epoch-making work, "The Influence of Sea Power upon History."

Captain Mahan was the first writer in modern times to attain a popular hearing for the doctrine that naval warfare must be considered in its relation to general history and the policy of States. There were not wanting, indeed, others who had professed the faith, and given reasons for the belief that was in them, long before "The Influence of Sea Power upon History" appeared. This very phrase had been used and welcomed by professional

writers. But the time had not then arrived when the principles of warfare by sea were regarded as worthy of attentive study by statesmen and emperors. Naturally the contents of these two bulky volumes are by no means confined to a description of the incidents of the war. But Captain Mahan finds support for his theory of the controlling influence of sea power in the victories of the flotillas on the Lakes, pointing out how the whole campaign in the Erie region collapsed when Perry's success transferred to the Americans the command of the water. The naval combats between single ships contain also a salutary lesson of supreme professional interest. When the war broke out our naval service was still suffering from that relaxation of effort in connection with training and discipline which followed, and was in a measure perhaps the natural result of, the great victory of Trafalgar. On the other hand, the loss of sixteen of our warships and some hundreds of our richly laden merchantmen afforded brilliant evidence of the high professional standard attained by the officers of the United States navy. It was not, indeed, until the constant exercise and careful training of the gunners of the *Shannon*, inspired by Professor Inman and carried out by Captain Broke, had resulted in the capture of the *Chesapeake* that one of the principal determining causes of our mishaps was conclusively demonstrated. That there were other causes is unquestionably true; as Captain Mahan says:

"The American 44 was unknown to British experience, and could only be met by ships of the line; two of these heavy frigates together were more than a match for three of the same nominal class—the 38 gun frigate—which was the most numerous and efficient element in the British cruising force."

Generally the warning to us is not to permit success to make us over confident; rather should it stimulate to further effort in the way of preparation both by constant training at sea and well devised measures for defence at the centre of naval administration.

In our interference with the American carrying trade—brought about by the Orders in Council, which enacted that if and so long as the Continental ports were closed to British traffic, they should be open to the ships of no other Maritime Power unless such ships had first paid toll to us—and in the impressment of seamen from under the American flag were to be found the immediate reasons for the war. It is matter for surprise indeed that the Americans so long endured the intolerable state of things arising out of the enforcement of the Orders in Council and our arbitrary exercise of the right of search. But Captain Mahan shows that not only was the United States unprepared for a war, but that Presidents Jefferson and Madison, as well as other American publicists, were by no means satisfied that this country had overstepped her rights, and continued the negotiations rather than refer the decision to the arbitrament of war. It was American public opinion that at length obliged Madison to declare war, and, oddly enough, only a few days before the Orders in Council were formally withdrawn. Moreover—and this is stranger still—in the negotiations for peace the American representatives were instructed to waive the question of the right of search if it should become necessary to do so. As a matter of fact, Captain Mahan, in his comprehensive survey of the antecedent causes of the war, finds its origin in Cromwell's Navigation Acts of 1657, and the colonial system which was then instituted laid the foundations of our commercial and maritime supremacy. Had the American legislators followed a less shortsighted and niggardly policy they would have prepared earlier for the situation created by the struggle between this country and Napoleon. Captain Mahan argues that America should have declared war in 1807, when this country would have been seriously embarrassed by the addition of another foe; whereas, owing to the lack of preparation, the war was delayed until such time as the fall of Napoleon enabled us to utilise the whole of our forces against the new enemy, and after a gallant struggle against odds the United States had no course but to make the best terms they could.



While giving full credit to the moral effect of the successes and victories of the American navy, Captain Mahan warns his fellow countrymen that it may be harmful if these be permitted to conceal from them the deeply humiliating conditions to which the country was reduced by parsimony in preparation for war. Although the work of the navy was brilliant the general result for America was humiliating. It is true, however, that despite this result the people of the United States were pulled together by the war of 1812, in a way which had not been achieved by the War of Independence. This circumstance should not blind the citizens of the United States to the fact that the real lesson of the war, as Captain Mahan ably argues, is the need to frame a broad and consistent policy of defence, to the development of which they should devote themselves unsparingly.

#### AMERICAN NOTES

*London Films.* By W. D. HOWELLS. (Harpers, 10s. 6d.)

MR. HOWELLS is modest in naming this book. His little sketches of our London are more than films, though we are at a loss to suggest a better title. He takes us with a never-tiring alertness through every kind of scene and incident, great and small; he seems to fear that his little pictures may be styled perfunctory, and suggests that a spiritual employment of the Röntgen rays would have been far less disappointing. But this is not so. Mr. Howells's work, always fascinating, is too carefully visualised to be merely superficial, whilst it is too individual to be merely photographic.

No doubt this book was written entirely for his fellow countrymen, but Mr. Howells is always open-minded; and although, as we readily understand, things American are much dearer to him than things not American—he has rarely anything but praise for us and ours, and his pages are scattered with quaint points of view of all our everyday and, to us, commonplace doings. He notices our idiosyncrasies, which are to him exceptional, and writes of them in his charming way as if they were the foibles of a nice old lady who must be treated deferentially, not only on account of her great age, but because of her quiet and lovable dignity.

The book begins with a chapter called "Meteorological Emotions"; these seem to change as frequently as our weather, which Mr. Howells describes as being "offered as it were in samples of warm, cold, damp and dry." But when the unhappy author begins to feel sure that spring has come to stay, because the sun shines and the birds are singing, he goes indoors and finds it still winter. For him, in our homes winter lasts a very long time, and from an American standpoint this is comprehensible; but these things with us are ruled by a long-tested custom.

When he turns—after "Civic and Social Comparisons, mostly odious," in which New York is compared unfavourably with London—to discussing our Royalty he is entertaining.

At the very top—I offer the conjecture towards the solution of the mystery which constantly bewilders the republican witness, the mystery of loyalty—is, of course, the royal family; and the rash conclusion of the American is that it is revered because it is the royal family. But possibly a truer interpretation of the fact would be that it is dear and sacred to the vaster British public because it is the royal family. A bachelor king could hardly dominate the English imagination like a royal husband and father, even if his being a husband and father were not one of the implications of that tacit Constitution in whose silence English power resides. With us, family has less and less to do with society, even; but with the English it has more and more to do, since the royal family is practically without political power, and not only may but must devote itself to society. It goes and comes on visits to other principalities and powers; it opens parliaments, it lays corner-stones and presides at the dedication of edifices of varied purpose; it receives deputations and listens to addresses; it holds courts and levees; it reviews regiments and fleets and assists at charity entertainments and at plays and shows of divers sorts; it plays races; it is in constant demand for occasions requiring exalted presences for their prosperity.

In a similar way he touches upon our streets, our omnibuses, our squares and their statues, our parks and the people that frequent them, our rich and, for a short space, our poor. Of course, Mr. Howells's knowledge of our poor is necessarily small and his descriptions do not seem to us very significant; but the following passage is interesting:

As for poverty—if I am still partially on that subject—as for open misery, the misery that indecently obtrudes itself upon prosperity and begs of it, I am bound to say that I have met more of it in New York than ever I met during my sojourn in London. Such misery may be more rigidly policed in the English capital, more kept out of sight, more quelled from asking mercy, but I am sure that in Fifth Avenue, and to and fro in the millionaire blocks between that avenue and the last possible avenue eastward, more deserving or undeserving poverty has made itself seen and heard to my personal knowledge than in Piccadilly . . .

These comparisons are very frequent, and, although they are interesting in themselves, the continual references to America are a blemish to the book as a whole. They make it provincial and mar its unity. For, when Mr. Howells writes of English things and forgets America, as, for instance, in the chapter on Hampton Court, he seems to reach a higher artistic plane. Dropping his attitude of impartiality, criticism or comparison, he is content to revel in his own impressions, and we read on the faster from page to page, thoroughly participating in his enjoyment. But the book as a whole is delightfully characteristic, and when we put it down we are left with a very near understanding of an invigorating temperament and a charming personality.

#### PIONEERS

*Breaking the Wilderness.* The Story of the Conquest of the Far West. By FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. (Putnam's, 15s. net.)

"BATTERED and thrust down by fortune till it would seem impossible for anything human to rise above the circumstances, they mastered them as if merely remounting a mustang from which they had momentarily been unseated." Such spirits were indeed essential for the breaking of the wilderness far west of the Mississippi; and a record is not unacceptable even if blunt at times and rough in style. Let the methods, by all means, suit the men; and it is a far cry from 1536 to 1869.

The volume before us is the work of an explorer who has reckoned the difficulties before plunging into them. It is to be wished that the majority of writers were half as conscientious. Happily also, like the pioneers in whose steps he followed, Mr. Dellenbaugh has courage for his enterprise and enthusiasm for his theme. The result is a very readable book, which has the great attraction of a thoroughly humane and reasonable point of view: nor is the drift of the main argument less interesting to follow because some conclusions differ from those of several who have gone before in the same track of adventure. The present author's descriptions are from personal observation, and his maps are good evidence for his main argument.

A great deal that is base and mean [writes Mr. Dellenbaugh] is now excused on the ground that this is a commercial age, but I can only remark that if there is to be no standard for measuring modern conduct but financial profit, the white man's footsteps are surely on the wrong trail.

This is well put, but perhaps if we had to face the same problems as the trappers and traders who laid the foundations of many modern fortunes, and with an equal hardihood, we might feel as easy in our consciences as they did. The disease of discontent, which seems to be spreading among us, is at once an evil and a sign of hope: at any rate, these brave fellows, of whom Mr. Dellenbaugh has much that is new to tell, were tolerably free from it. Of course, their real incentive in most cases was gain. At first it was the badger and the bison which provided alike

the stimulus to go, and the reward of going. It is not always pleasant to contemplate the pursuit of wild animals, whether for sport or for profit. But ingenuity in a badger and ingenuity in a man amount to very much the same thing, as far as admiration is concerned. And since all must suffer to achieve, the gentle beaver must not be deprived of its meed of glory:

This small creature, that offered its life as a bait to entice the white man into the depths of the wilderness, was one of the most remarkable on the continent, and its likeness, as the emblem of the American Republic, would be far more appropriate than the carrion eagle, which has little to commend it, as compared with the beaver, the model of gentleness, ingenuity, and painstaking skill, and which formed a stepping-stone to the power and greatness of the Union of States now spreading from ocean to ocean.

As for the bison, the practical extermination of so noble a creature leaves something of a vain regret in the mind: but first and last, Necessity, which knows no law, drives forward, always to some goal, the reaching of which is everything to the men and nothing to the beast. The Amerind, native of wild regions inevitably to be absorbed in the community of nations, had more to complain of than those dumb companions of his toil, creatures that sometimes cheered his solitude, sometimes inspired his attempts at art. Not that it would be reasonable to encircle the Amerind with a halo of sentiment. But there is a great deal to be said for the insistence of Mr. Dellenbaugh on the grossness, the corruption, which characterised too many of the trading operations that brought Oregon and Texas and California and much of Mexico by degrees within the commercial pale. Even so, a word of praise must be given to those whose generosity brightens the story: to the great Hudson Bay Company, for instance, and to the fellow countrymen of the great La Salle. And when all is said, whether philosophers condone or moralists condemn, the vast majority of those who met the Amerind on his especial hunting-ground, though to his lasting hurt, took their own lives in their hands.

It is the combination of a purely practical aim, with a conscious national policy, which illuminates this record also, and humble bread-winners, pinned down to prosaic and monotonous tasks, will appreciate to the full whatever delight can be enjoyed at second-hand in reading the story of how the wilderness was broken. Foresight, we may like to think, is to be credited no less to a Roosevelt than to a Jefferson. "Thousands of times" as an American poet wrote:

Thousands of times has the old tale been told:  
The world belongs to those who come the last  
They shall find hope and strength as we have done;

and if Mr. Dellenbaugh's vivacious work sends readers back to Lewis and Clark so much the better. Already a big library exists of Missouri and Mississippi travel. But pages more fascinating still are full of the mingled gains and losses associated with earliest beginnings in the remote West—with the names of Coronado and Hernando de Soto—with the eternal conflicts between simple nature and extravagant civilisation: between the rough-and-ready methods that recked nothing on the one hand, and the restraining zeal that answered for the planting of missions on the other.

In reviewing this vast and variegated history the names of great men are legion. Champlain, the illustrious founder of Quebec, comes into the story. To another founder, that strange being inspired by an illusion who established Mormonism as a factor in the State, as a force in evolution, ample justice is here done. Nor is it unwelcome that the careers of Daniel Boone and Jedediah Smith, of Kit Carson and the intrepid Colter—representatives of a dauntless crew—should receive fresh attention; that we should, as far as we can, share their labours and their fortunes. Most of them were good gamblers at their chosen sport, cheerful gamblers in hours of ease, taking life pleasantly, especially when days were dull. As for net results, it fell to the lot of a strong and sound Government to bring to fruition the workings of chance. And it has been

Mr. Dellenbaugh's aim to give a comprehensive survey of everything as it fell out. In spite of the difficulty of weaving together so many threads, the author may claim to have succeeded in marshalling the events in their due order. From the day when Cabeza de Vega planted his foot on the virgin soil to the day when the Reverend Dr. Todd "asked a blessing" on the last-driven spike of the completed railroad, the story goes forward, with all its surprises and thrilling episodes, regarding the unities. Those who turn to the book itself will be well rewarded; it will enlighten them greatly by its acute studies of individual characters, and possibly enlarge the scope of their reflections.

#### CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS

*Essays on Some Theological Questions of the Day.* By Member of the University of Cambridge. Edited by HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity. (Macmillan, 12s. net.)

DR. SWETE, in his preface, disclaims for this volume a primarily apologetic intention; its chief purpose is, he says, "to bring certain questions connected with Christian belief into the light of modern knowledge." Nevertheless the essays are more or less apologetic in character, and make no pretence to be purely critical. Herein is the value of the book. The urgent need of the present time is a new Christian apologetic based on modern knowledge and expressed in the terms of modern thought. Some of these essays at least provide valuable material for such an apologetic, and mark an important advance in Anglican theology. It cannot be denied that the Church of England has, until recently, been sadly behind in this matter; much paper and ink have been wasted in barren controversy, but the problem, for instance, which Newman tried to solve in the "Essay on Development" sixty years ago has hardly been touched, and the futile attempt to prove that Anglican doctrine is that of the "primitive Church" still holds the field. Far better work has been done by individual Roman Catholics in the sphere of apologetic than by any Anglican, and the Church of England has mainly to thank the stupidity of the Roman authorities, who always repudiate any reasonable apologetic, for the fact that it has suffered no serious losses during the last forty years.

It is for this reason that we particularly welcome Mr. Foakes-Jackson's essay on "Christ in History," in which the fact that Christianity has developed is fully recognised, as is also the fact that Christianity has borrowed largely from other religions. The writer discards altogether the attempt to "go back" to antiquity in order to discover true Christianity; he sees, on the contrary, in the history of the Church, "only a slow (though a constant) progress towards the understanding of the truth." Mr. Foakes-Jackson owes much—and he acknowledges his obligations—to other writers; most of all to the Abbé Loisy. Of the latter fact he is evidently unconscious, or he would not bring against M. Loisy the ridiculous charge of a quasi-Docetism—of losing the Jesus of the Gospels "in the Christ-spirit working in the Catholic Church." In fact his own position, *mutatis mutandis*, is that of M. Loisy. The weakness of his essay lies in the apparent implication that any and every form of modern Christianity is an equally legitimate development. It is unlikely that Mr. Foakes-Jackson thinks or means this, but he supplies no criterion for discrimination. His essay requires to be supplemented by an apologetic for the Anglican position on the basis of the recognition of the fact of development. This is still to seek; the task of supplying it offers an opportunity adequate to the highest ambition.

The essay on the Christian standpoint, by Dr. William Cunningham, with which the book begins, is an excellent introduction to the rest. It is an able exposition of the truth that there are two kinds of certainty, that the pure reason is not a sufficient guide in the sphere of religion, and that the phenomena of the religious consciousness are



on a different plane from other phenomena. Dr. Cunningham concludes by distinguishing the ethical standpoint of Christianity from that of the other higher religions. Mr. Tennant follows with an essay on the Being of God in the light of physical science, in which he shows that, though physical science has nothing to say in regard to the Being of God, the problem being outside its sphere, the belief in God is not incompatible with the conclusions of science, which lead up to philosophical questions that Theism answers. The essay is extremely able and grapples effectively with the problem of physical evil, that of moral evil being outside its scope. The Being of God in the light of philosophy is treated by Dr. Caldecott, whose philosophical principle is that of spiritual idealism. Space will not permit a detailed criticism of this interesting essay. Like Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Caldecott insists on the insufficiency of a bare intellectualism which involves an imperfect and partial view of human nature. Philosophy must deal with man in his entirety and cannot ignore feeling and the ethical factor in the human nature. At the same time, Dr. Caldecott rightly puts in a caveat in regard to the excessive reaction against intellectualism now in vogue, which disparages the intellect altogether. He has no sympathy with those who, like Mr. Mallock, give up the intellect in despair and invite us to believe anything that seems expedient. His argument against the theory of a pluralist Absolute, of which Dr. McTaggart is one of the chief advocates, is very powerful. We differ from Dr. Caldecott's conception of theology as the final form of philosophy: the two seem to us to have separate functions.

Dr. Duckworth's essay on man's origin and his place in nature, which appropriately follows the essays on the Being of God, gives an extremely clear and complete summary of the biological evidence and of the process of human evolution. It is the one essay in the book which is entirely non-apologetic. Dr. Duckworth, as a man of science, properly contents himself with stating the conclusions at which science has arrived and leaves it to philosophy to take up the question at the point where it passes beyond the sphere of science.

These first four essays have a certain unity of spirit and purpose, but that cannot be said of the book as a whole. The Editor, indeed, explains that the plan adopted was incompatible with such unity. For ourselves—though the point is one on which opinions always differ—we consider that the book would have been more useful had it been more homogeneous. The method that is suitable to a monthly or quarterly review is not suitable to a book, which should have an underlying unity of idea. Dr. Mason's essay, for instance, on "Christ in the New Testament" is uncomfortably sandwiched between that of the Bishop of Ely on "The Gospels in the Light of Historical Criticism," and that of Mr. Foakes-Jackson already mentioned. Its point of view is fundamentally different from that of its neighbours. Dr. Mason has the admiration for Dr. Harnack common to the conservative school and is terribly shocked at M. Loisy whom, we suspect, he knows only through his two small apologetic works. He thinks that there is nothing in the teaching of the Fourth Gospel upon the person of Christ "which is not really covered and justified by the Synoptics." If he meant that the teaching of the Fourth Gospel is a legitimate development of the Synoptic tradition we should not demur; but he means that there is no historical discrepancy between the two presentations of our Lord's person. Dr. Mason's essay has nothing to do with the purpose of the book as stated by the Editor; it is only one more version of the discredited attempt to harmonise the narrative of the Fourth Gospel with that of the Synoptics.

Very different is the Bishop of Ely's essay, which precedes Dr. Mason's. One may differ from Dr. Chase on certain points, and for our part we differ from him on at least two points of great importance, but it is impossible to praise too highly the candour and frankness of his method. For instance, though he accepts the Virgin

Birth as a historical fact, he frankly admits that the evidence for it is very slight, that it was not part of the original Gospels of Matthew and Luke (though, in the case of Luke, added by the original author), and that it is alluded to nowhere else in the Bible. The last statement may seem a truism, but it is far from generally admitted by apologists. It is a good augury for the future of the Church of England that an essay combining, as this does, the critical point of view with a profoundly religious spirit should come from the pen of the latest addition to the episcopal bench.

Perhaps of all the essays in the book that of Dr. J. A. Wilson on the Idea of Revelation is in some respects the most important and valuable, since the traditional conception of an external and miraculous Revelation is one of the greatest obstacles to belief. Dr. Wilson says plainly that this conception "as an exclusive and dominant theory is becoming impossible." The universe is "essentially one continuous whole," and Revelation is the expression in the realm of conscience and will of the same Divine action which we call Evolution in the physical, and knowledge in the intellectual, sphere. This conception of Revelation as immanent and subjective Dr. Wilson propounds in a lucid and convincing essay. He admits that the materialisation of Revelation has been necessary and may even still be necessary in certain stages of thought, but for the more enlightened thinker it becomes, as it were, a form of idolatry. The one objective Revelation is a Person, Jesus Christ. The bearing of the new conception of Revelation on the idea of inspiration and on the history of Christianity is admirably brought out in this illuminating essay.

Space will allow of only a reference to Dr. Barnes's excellent paper on the permanent value of the Old Testament and to that of Dr. Askwith on "Sin and the Need of Atonement," which treats a very difficult subject with great skill and insight. Dr. A. W. Robinson's essay on "Prayer and the Idea of Law" is suggestive but hardly gives an entirely satisfactory solution of the problem; which is not to be wondered at, since there is no problem more difficult. Dr. Robinson easily disposes of Mr. Galton's objection that prayer seems to be equally efficacious whatever the object to which it be addressed. If there is a God who hears prayer, He will hear it if it be addressed in good faith even to an idol or to the tribal deity of a savage or to the ancestors of a Shintoist. A far greater difficulty with which Dr. Robinson does not deal, is the fact that prayers with a plainly immoral purpose seem also to be answered, e.g., some little time ago a French Catholic paper published numerous communications from priests, nuns and others who returned thanks for having obtained from St. Joseph the death or disablement of persons obnoxious to them. This is a point which requires careful investigation before we can arrive at a satisfactory hypothesis.

Of the other essays in the book we can only mention, in conclusion, Dr. J. O. F. Murray's "Miracles," which is very disappointing. We are unable to understand why any phenomenal event should "suggest the immediate action of God," or even what is meant by the immediate action of God. The modern mind cannot really conceive of the intervention of the Absolute in the course of phenomena. The appearance of "immediate action" is due merely to the fact that a phenomenon is unusual. The Stigmata of St. Francis was looked upon as a miracle until Charcot showed that such phenomena often occur in certain conditions. Dr. Murray makes confusion worse confounded by selecting the Resurrection as the typical miracle. The Resurrection may or may not have been accompanied by abnormal phenomena, but in itself it is not a phenomenon but a spiritual occurrence outside the region of phenomena and therefore not a miracle. The most orthodox theologian admits that the "empty tomb" was not essential to the Resurrection. On any other theory, indeed, it would be impossible to believe in a universal Resurrection and the Resurrection of our Lord would become an isolated

occurrence with no element of hope or spiritual value. Dr. Murray's treatment of the evidence for the Resurrection is quite uncritical. He is not aware, for instance, that the story of the miraculous draught of fishes, which is attached in John xxi. (the appendix) to the third appearance of our Lord, is derived from a source which attached it to the first appearance, from which source Luke borrowed the same story and attached it to the calling of St. Peter. The writer or writers of John xxi. naturally omit the words of St. Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," which are given by Luke, but derive their meaning from the fact that the original story described the first meeting between Peter and his Master after the denial. This is only one instance of Dr. Murray's failure to deal with the difficulties of the question.

But, although this essay (like Dr. Mason's) seems to us out of place here, we have said enough to show that this book contains very much that is of great value and marks a very distinct step forward.

### AROINT THEE!

THIS much-discussed word has some fresh light thrown upon it by the English Dialect Dictionary and the English Dialect Grammar, for which we are so much indebted to Prof. Wright. We see from the latter (p. 580) that none of the dialect forms of *round* resembles *roint* or *rynt*, and we must therefore look elsewhere. A reference to § 178 is more satisfactory. We there find that the A.S. *y* gives both of the required forms. In particular, the words *dry*, *why* occur as *droi*, *whoi* in Warwickshire. Moreover, the right sense of *roint* or *aroint* is make (thou) room, as the examples show. Thus: "*roynt ta*," or "I'll swat thy hains out," i.e., knock thy brains out (North Country; in Grose, 1790). "*Rynt thee*, *Roynt thee*, is an expression used by milk-maids to a cow . . . to bid her get out of the way" (Cheshire Glossary, by R. Holland). "*Rhint ye*, Bess, a place for the gentle on the lang-settle," i.e., make room on it; Thornber, Penny Stone (1843); Tim Bobbin, View Dial. (Lancashire). "*Rynt you*, witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother"; Ray (1691). The *ta* simply means "thou;" and *roynt ta* or *rynt ta* is the same as *rime ta*, i.e., make thou room. It is easy to see that *rime ta* must necessarily become *rine ta*, which is indistinguishable from *rint ta* (if the *i* be long). It is probable that the spelling *rynt* (with *y*) is meant to show the vowel-length. *Rime* is only recorded in the E.D.D. in the technical sense of "to enlarge a bored hole," whence the common word *rimmer* for a tool that will do so. But it is only another form of *rim*, to remove; and it is pointed out, under the latter form, that the A.S. verb is *rȳman*, with the long *y* that the diphthong *oi* demands. And *rȳman* is explained by "to make roomy, to clear away, to make room." Of course *rȳman* is regularly derived from the adjective *rūm*, roomy, wide; with the usual mutation of *ū* to *y*. There is an excellent example of it in the A.S. Gospels, in Luke xiv. 9; viz., "*rȳm thisum men setl*," where the Vulgate has: "da huic locum." The exact correspondence between this and the phrase quoted above, viz., "*Rint ye* a place on the lang-settle," is surely remarkable. Moreover, we can now easily explain the prefixed *a-* in *aroint*. Just as *roint* is due to A.S. *ryman*, so *aroint* is due to the A.S. *ge-rȳman*, with the same sense; see *A-*, prefix, § 6 in the N.E.D.; and cf. *aware*, from A.S. *ge-wær*. The A.S. *ge-rȳman* has the exact sense of "make room," in the first example given in Bosworth and Toller's Dictionary. We may therefore explain *aroint thee* as arising from the A.S. *gerȳm thū*, i.e., make thou room, get out of the way, be off, avaunt! This is precisely the way in which it is usually understood.

This explanation practically agrees with that which I first propounded in my larger Etymological Dictionary, in the

first edition; though it was discredited on the ground that *roint thee* meant "round thee, or get thee round," as said to a cow which is told to take up a different position in the stall. It is hardly possible phonetically to equate *roint* with *round* (as we now know); and it is clear that "round thee" will not explain the other examples. One does not wish a witch to come round to the other side, but rather to remove herself altogether. I made, however, two mistakes. I gave the Icel. form *rȳma* instead of the A.S. form; and I did not explain the prefix *a-*. A derivation from A.S. *ā-rȳman* was proposed by E. Müller; but no such form is recorded.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

### THE PASSING OF THE DETECTIVE

THE detective in literature is hardly more than fifty years old, but already he is passing into decay. He has enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and may even claim to be the only person equally beloved by statesmen and by errand boys. His old achievements enthrall as ever. But he makes no new conquests. So far as he survives at all, he has been compelled to curb his energies within the compass of the magazines, and instead of contending forces marshalled in regular order on the board, presents now the bare problem: "White to play, and mate in three moves."

It was inevitable, perhaps, that the prestige of the detective should fade in proportion as the business of detecting crime assumed a more specialised character. The germ of this fascinating personage, destined to play the part of Providence in so many "affairs" is to be found in Poe's "Tales of Mystery," translated into French by Baudelaire in 1868. The methods of deduction on which the whole fabric rests are, of course, far more ancient, and were probably well understood by prehistoric man. They depend on the use of small indications in reconstructing past events, and D'Artagnan in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," has given a casual exhibition of skill in this direction, which none of Poe's people ever surpassed. But D'Artagnan would have disdained to side with the law against a criminal. It was the creation of a personality supremely interested in the detection of crime, which is due to Poe; and even he hesitated to attach anything of a professional character to this novel species of hero. As first imagined, the detective stood outside and worked for the love of investigation. This disinterested and slightly amateurish character has hung round the great detective of romance ever since. Even when he sprang into full being in the person of M. le Coq almost simultaneously with the publication of Poe's "Tales in Paris," he retained the characteristic of aloofness from the men of his caste. The ideal detective of Gaboriau was young, ambitious, educated, well-born, and poor. He entered the police force with the determination to push a career, and brought into it his own methods and ideas. He passed at once into active hostility towards his colleagues, and thus the tradition of antagonism to ordinary police administration, which runs through all detective literature, was fairly established. It would almost seem that Gaboriau doubted the propriety of allowing the honours of the chase to rest on one who reaped his own advancement from the discovery of crime. Accordingly Le Coq is baffled, and the ultimate steps which lead to his vindication in the eyes of his superiors are dictated by a decrepit old man who, as *Tire au Clair*, plays the part of special Providence without receiving a recompense.

It is curious to note the shifts to which the novelist has been put in the attempt to clothe his detective with a garment of disinterestedness. And the reason lies on the surface. Arrange the persons of the drama as you will, the detective will always emerge as the hero. The crime is comparatively a small detail, and, so it be not too revolting in character, almost any infringement of the law will do.



The criminal cannot ordinarily attract much sympathy or play a very large part. Convention requires, in England at any rate, that the marriage of two young people should depend on the issue, but the love-interest inevitably falls into the second place in a story of crime. The falsely accused, whose innocence is gradually unfolded, affords more scope, and in France the wicked fair woman introduces a lurid atmosphere commonly lacking to the home-grown article. But the honour of chaining attention rests after all with him who unties the knot, and if he is merely a business person, paid by the job, a shadow of something sordid rests on the whole proceedings. Sometimes, to escape this dilemma, the office of detective is assumed by an amateur personally interested in the discovery. In Du Boisgobey's "Crime de l'Opéra," the part of detective is played by the lover of the accused. In Miss M. E. Wilkins's clever story of "The Long Arm," it is the sister of the murdered woman who unravels the mystery. In "That Affair Next Door," by A. K. Green, pure curiosity prompts a neighbour to independent investigation. But sooner or later there comes a moment in all such cases when the reader cries off these self-ordained ministers of justice. The lover may disentangle the cords which bind his mistress, but when it comes to spreading a net for the real murderer, laugh!—let the police do their own work. And by a strange fatality the more keenly the cry for vengeance rings in the ears, the stronger is the reaction in favour of the sinner. Where there is a man to be hunted down, all the instincts of human nature are roused to criticise his pursuers. They must show warrant for their proceedings, or else—mind their own business.

Thus it will be seen that the detective has to be a personage of peculiar type. He must be officially deputed to detect this particular crime, yet romance demands that he shall not work merely for money. Standing outside the police force and usually hostile to it, he must be able to command its services for investigations beneath his dignity. If an amateur, he must bear no antagonism to the criminal, yet his connection with the affair must be sufficiently close to lend him authority to act. Above all, if he is to command interest, it is essential that he should possess the "flair," the subtle sense which reveals to him the trend of little indications. Unless his possession of this sense be emphasised, the deductive method will appear arbitrary guesswork, and it is on this rock that many modern attempts at mystery-weaving go to pieces. For the weak point of the deductive system is that every indication found is capable of bearing a dozen different interpretations. The ideal detective of romance pieces details together as a thought-reader divines things from the pressure of a hand. He detects not by virtue of simple powers of observation, but by a trained intuition amounting almost to second sight. It is this which lent him his grand air and brought him to greatness. It is this which is working his decay. For alas! modern scientific methods have overtaken him, and he has fallen hopelessly behind the times. He who was accustomed to issue terse commands to muddled members of the force is now ignorant of the very A.B.C. of criminal investigation. He who smiled at professional ignorance must now bear to find his own amateur little ways the scorn of amused experts. It is hard, for he certainly led the way in creating the modern detective force before whose unerring eyes the secrets of sinful Europe lie unfolded. At the epoch when he came into being, no efficient police existed. In France, the highest quality aimed at was the kind of blood-hound tenacity of identification illustrated in "Les Misérables." In England, there was the good-natured shrewdness of Inspector Buckle in "Bleak House," but there was no science of investigation, no regular course of training, no system. And the detective of fiction easily triumphed. He triumphed in France more decisively on account of the astounding manœuvres permitted to the Juge d'Instruction under the French law. But he did very well in England, even under the more sportsmanlike system of judge and jury which he was bound to respect.

And it is modern education, the relentless adaptation of means to an end, which has prepared his downfall. The regular force has taken its revenge, and the lordly person who used to throw them his secrets, at whose feet they sat in awe, is beaten by the very weapons he first taught them to use.

From henceforth he retires to limbo with the dodo and the District Railway's trains. He carries with him the regret of a civilised world.

## DEFOE AND SELKIRK AT BRISTOL

A FEW weeks ago I ventured to challenge a statement in the ACADEMY as to the meeting at Bristol between Daniel Defoe and Alexander Selkirk before "Robinson Crusoe" was written. In a letter to the Editor I said that I should be glad of evidence in support of the statement. Though I know that my letter was read by Bristolians and others who firmly believe in the authenticity of the tradition, none has ventured to take up my challenge. Since I made it, however, I have had the opportunity to read a long and interesting correspondence quite recently initiated by Mr. R. C. Tombs, I.S.O., Postmaster of Bristol. Mr. Tombs particularly desired to test the evidence as to the reported meeting between Defoe and Selkirk at a house in St. James's Square, Bristol, which is usually pointed out as the one in which the novelist and the mariner met.

Miss Priscilla Fry, member of a well-known Bristol family, contributed to the correspondence which I have been reading. Miss Fry possesses a copy of an extract made by Mr. Edward Ash, of Bristol, in 1834. This statement is to the effect that Mrs. Joseph Beck, afterwards Caysgarne, and then Mrs. Daniells, lived in St. James's Square, where there are some fine eighteenth-century houses remaining, and that she was there the hostess of Alexander Selkirk, then recently returned with Woodes Rogers, who commanded the Bristol privateers, the *Duke* and *Duchess*. There also, at the same time, Mrs. Daniells was accustomed to entertain Defoe. The document further alleges that it was in this house that Selkirk gave Defoe an account of his adventures, from which Defoe drew up a narrative that was published some years before "Robinson Crusoe" appeared. This romance, it is added, speedily supplanted the genuine work.

In Seyer's "Memoirs of Bristol," published in 1823, some eleven years earlier than the Ash document just referred to, there is a variation of this story. Seyer says that Selkirk put his papers into the hands of Defoe, who founded thereon his great romance; and he adds that this fact was first published in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* by Mr. Joseph Harford, of Bristol, "who was assured by Mrs. Daniel, an old lady, daughter of Major Wade, some time town-clerk of this city, that Dampier himself told her that to his knowledge Selkirk's papers were sent to Defoe for arrangement and publication, and that from them he formed 'Robinson Crusoe.'" It will at once be seen that Seyer is silent on the subject of the Bristol meeting, and that the story varies in other important details. In the Ash version, Mrs. Daniells is herself made responsible for saying that she entertained Selkirk and Defoe at her house, and that it was there Selkirk told his adventures to Defoe; and in the other, Mrs. Daniells is represented as making Dampier responsible for her belief that Selkirk's papers came into Defoe's possession.

Mr. George A. Aitken, a personal friend of Mr. Tombs, had the results of local re-investigation before him and contributed two or three most interesting and convincing letters to the correspondence. Mr. Aitken is a recognised authority on Defoe, and he unhesitatingly declares that there is no such preliminary narrative as the one described in the Ash statement of which Mr. Ash obviously speaks at second hand. There have been frequent references to this mere recital of Selkirk's adventures which Defoe is

said to have drawn up, but no such publication is known to students of Defoe. Possibly it is a mistaken reference to Isaac James's small pamphlet, "Providence displayed, etc."—no doubt founded on Rogers's Journal—which appeared in 1712, the year after he brought Selkirk to Bristol. "Robinson Crusoe," it will be remembered, did not appear until 1719. George Chalmers, in his "Life of Defoe," published a hundred and twenty years ago, suggests that Defoe owed only as much for "Robinson Crusoe" to Selkirk's story as Shakespeare owed to the old Scotch and Danish chronicles for *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; and Mr. Minto—referring evidently to the accounts by Woodes Rogers of Steele in the *Englishman*, and to the narrative by Cook, one of the officers of the expedition—observes that the actual experience of Selkirk went floating about for several years until it finally settled and took root in the mind of the one man of his generation who was capable of working out its possibilities.

It must, I think, be patent to any man who has read the "Journal of the Plague" that Defoe needed no personal relations with Selkirk to supply the realism which we find in Robinson Crusoe. It has always appeared to me to be rather in the nature of depreciation of Defoe's acknowledged abilities to insist on his having received papers or a verbal statement from Selkirk. The mariner was a man of no education, and if he had papers they could hardly have been of his own preparing.

Defoe is commonly believed to have been in Bristol in 1692, hiding from creditors, and we read in many biographical notices that he was called the Sunday gentleman by Bristol people because Sunday was the only day of the week on which he could venture into the streets without fear of bailiffs. The Star Inn, Cock-and-Bottle Lane, close by St. Peter's Church, and within the castle precincts, is pointed out as the place that Defoe frequented. There is nothing in the exterior appearance of the house to suggest that it existed in the seventeenth century; but it undoubtedly did. As a Bristolian, proud of the history and tradition of the city, I should like to feel as certain that Defoe visited this house in 1692, or at any other date: or even that he ever came to Bristol.

The correspondence which Mr. Tombs placed in my hands, however, carries us no further in the direction of establishing a Bristol meeting between Defoe and Selkirk. But Selkirk was in Bristol some years after his return from Juan Fernandez in 1711, for in September 1713 we find him being prosecuted for an assault upon a shipwright named Richard Kettle, and Selkirk was then described as being resident in the parish of St. Stephen, Bristol. Where in that parish he actually dwelt I do not know, but he may have been living with or near his friend and rescuer, Woodes Rogers, who before starting on his famous privateering expedition, built two houses on the south side of Queen's Square, himself occupying the one which is now No. 19.

CHARLES WELLS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### WORDSWORTH AND BARRON FIELD—II

EVERY student of Wordsworth knows that in his edition of 1827 he made numerous changes in the text of his poems. Mr. Field was of opinion that these alterations were due to Jeffrey's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that they were not improvements, but "injured the simplicity" of the early version, in which we have the first spontaneous flowings of his genius. He took the liberty, he tells us, of "expostulating with the great poet upon these refinements." In answer he received the following letters. Every reader must be struck by their insight and their candour, their writer's willingness to admit faults, and his anxiety to amend them. They also show how much he deferred to

the judgment of such friends as Coleridge and Lamb, and even Field; while at the same time they indicate his very natural preference for the later text of his poems.

#### I

RYDAL MOUNT, 24th October, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will not spend time in thanking you for your kindness, but will go at once to the point, and to the strongest case, viz.,

#### BEGGARS.

I will state the faults, real or supposed, which put me on the task of altering it.

"What other dress she had I could not know," you must know, is a most villainous line; one of the very worst in my whole writings. I hope so at least. "In all my walks," I thought obtrusively personal.

"Her face was of Egyptian brown." The style, or rather composition, of this whole stanza is what I call brick-laying; formal accumulation of particulars.

"Pouring out sorrows like a sea." I did not like; and sea clashes with "was beautiful to see," below. "On English land" is the same rhyme as "gayest of the land" in the stanza below. Such were the reasons for altering. Now for the success.

"Nor claimed she service from the head," is, I own, an expression too pompous for the occasion; and if you could substitute a line for the villainous "What other dress, etc.," I would willingly part with it. But still there is a difficulty.

"She had a tall man's height or more," would anticipate

"She towered, fit person, etc." The boys could well understand *looking* reproof. There is frowning, shaking the head, etc. "Telling me a lie" might be restored, without much objection on my part,\* for "Heaven hears that harsh reply" is somewhat too refined; but since

"It was your mother, as I say" is retained, the fact is implied of my knowledge of their having told an untruth. It is not to be denied that I have aimed at giving more dignity to this poem, partly on its own account, and partly that it might harmonise better with the one appended to it. I thought I had succeeded in my attempt better than, it seems, I have done. You will observe that in any meditated alteration of the final stanza—which I would be very thankful if you could do for me—the word *head* cannot be used, on account of

"head those Amazonian files" in the stanza below.

#### THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

The "shell" was substituted for the "washing-tub" on the suggestion of Coleridge; and greatly as I respect your opinion, and Lamb's, I cannot now bring myself to undo my work; although, had I been aware beforehand that such judges would have objected, I should not have troubled myself with making the alteration. I met the other day with a pretty picture of hazardous navigation like this. I think it is on the coast of Madras where people are described as trusting themselves to the rough waves on small rafts, in such a way that the flat surface being hidden from view by the billows, the navigator appears to be sitting on the bare waters.

#### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

"From the meadows of Armath," etc. My sister objected so strongly to this alteration at the time, that—her judgment being confirmed by yours—the old reading may be restored.

#### PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

"No more along thy vales and viney groves.  
Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves,  
With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of baneful glow,  
On his pale horse shall fell consumption go."

I had utterly forgotten this passage: at all events, as a bold juvenile thing, it might be restored. I suppose I must have written it from its being here applied in my mind, not to an individual, but to a people.

#### RUTH.

"And there exulting in her wrongs,  
Among the music of her songs,  
She fearfully caroused."

This was altered, Lamb having observed that it was not English. I liked it better myself; but certainly to carouse cups—that is, to enjoy them—is the genuine English.

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

"And, thus continuing she said,  
I had a son who many a day  
Sailed on the seas."

These last words shall be restored. I suppose I had objected to the first line, which, it must be allowed, is rather flat.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it to be watched and fed  
Till he came back again."

Then this last line,  
"And pipe its song in safety,"

\* It was restored in the edition of 1836.



I own strikes me as better, because "from the bodings of his mind" he feared he should not come back again. He might dramatically have said to his fellow lodger: "Take care of this bird till I come back again": not liking to own to another, or to himself even in words, that he feared he should not return: but, as he is not here introduced speaking, it is I think better as altered, and brings in a pretty image of the bird singing, when its master might be in peril, or no more.

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

"Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
For they confound me; as it is,  
I have forgot those smiles of his."

Coleridge objected to the last two lines, for which

"By those bewildering glances crossed,  
In which the light of his is lost,"

is substituted. The alteration ought, in my judgment, to be retained.\*

## THE GREEN LINNET.

"A brother of the leaves he seems,"

may be thus retained:

"My sight he dazzles—nay, deceives;  
He seems a brother of the leaves."

The stanza, as you have been accustomed to quote it, is very faulty. "Forth he teems" is a provincialism; Dr. Johnson says "a low word, when used in this sense." But my main motive for altering the stanza was the wholly unjustifiable use of the word "train" as applied to leaves attached to a tree. *Withered* leaves, driven by the wind along the gravel—as I have often seen them sparkling in April sunshine—might be thus described, but not leaves growing on a tree. "Did feign" is also an awkward expletive.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

"Old Magellan" shall be restored.

## TO THE DAISY.

"Thou wanderest the wide world about, etc."

I was loath to part with this stanza. It may either be restored, or printed at the end of a volume, among notes and variations, when you edit the fifteenth edition!

## TO A SKYLARK.

After having succeeded in my notice of this bird, in the second *Skyllark*, and in the conclusion of the poem entitled *A Morning Exercise*, I became indifferent to the poem, which Coleridge used severely to condemn, and to treat contemptuously. I, however, like the beginning of it so well that, for the sake of that, I tacked to it the respectably-tame conclusion. I have no objection, as you have been pleased with it, to restore the whole piece. Could you improve it a little?

## TO THE CUCKOO.

"At once far off and near."

Restore this. The alteration was made in consequence of my noticing one day that the voice of a cuckoo which I had heard from a tree at a good distance did not seem any louder when I approached the tree.

## GIPSIES.

The concluding apology shall be cancelled. "Goings-on" is precisely the word wanted; but it makes a weak and apparently prosaic line, so near the end of a poem. I fear it cannot be altered, as the rhyme must be retained, on account of the concluding verse.†

In the second *Cuckoo*,‡ I was displeased with the existing alteration; and in my copy have written in pencil thus:

"Such rebounds our inward ear

Often catches from afar,

Listen, ponder, etc."

restoring "Listen, ponder." The word "rebounds" I wish much to introduce here; for the imaginative warning turns upon the echo, which ought to be revived as near the conclusion as possible.‡

## PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM.

"The light that never was on sea or land" shall be restored. I need not trouble you with the reasons that put me upon the alteration.

\* The final text, in the edition of 1836, was:

"For they confound me;—where—where is  
That last, that sweetest smile of his."

† Field here inserts a note to the effect. "I have not a copy of my letter; but I suppose I preferred,

"The silent Heavens have goings-on;

The stars have tasks, but these have none,"

to the concluding apology, for which these lines were omitted. The alteration was made in consequence of Coleridge's critique in his *Biographia Literaria* (vol. ii. p. 153), in which he charges the poet with not reflecting that the poor tawny wanderers might probably have been tramping for weeks together, and consequently might have been right glad to rest themselves for one whole day. I believe I replied to this objection that travelling industry was not the habit of gipsies, who are naturally loitering, basking idlers, "taskless" in the strongest sense of the word, though perhaps the contrasted images and thoughts might be too great for the subject.

‡ That one in the "Poems of the Imagination" beginning:

"Yes, it was the mountain echo."

## PETER BELL.

The passages in *Peter Bell* were altered out of deference to the opinions of others. You say *little* is a word of endearment: I meant *little* *mulish* as contemptuous. *Spiteful*, I fear, would scarcely be understood without your anecdote.

"Is it a party in a parlour?

Crammed just as they on earth were crammed;

Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,

But as you by their faces see,

All silent, and all damned."

This stanza I omitted, although one of the most imaginative in the whole poem, not to offend the pious.

## THE EXCURSION (edition of 1827).

"And make the vessel of the big round year."

I know there is such a line as this somewhere; but for the life of me I cannot tell where.\*

"He yielded, though reluctant, for his mind

Instinctively disposed him to retire

To his own covert; as a billow heaved

Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea."

I cannot accede to your objection to the billow. The point simply is: he was cast out of his element, and falls back into it, as naturally and necessarily as a billow into the sea. There is imagination in fastening solely upon that characteristic point of resemblance, and stopping there, thinking of nothing else.

"And then,

Merrily seated in a ring, partook

The beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb."

"Drank tea" is too familiar. My line is, I own, somewhat too pompous, as you say.†

I am much pleased that you think the alterations of *The Excursion* improvements. My sister thinks them so invariably.‡ In Book viii. p. 25, read thus:

"Though apprehensions crowd me that my zeal

To his might well be likened."

I remain, very faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

## II

RYDAL MOUNT, 20th Dec., 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,—

## THE TRIAD.

I am very glad that you liked the *Triad*. I think great part of it is as spirited as anything I have written; but I was afraid to trust my judgment, as the airy figures are all sketched from living originals that are dear to me.

## MISERRIMUS.

I have had a Worcester paper sent me that gives what it calls the real history of *Miserrimus*; spoiling, as real histories generally do, the poem altogether. I doubt whether I ought to tell it you, and yet I may; for I had heard before—though since I wrote the sonnet—another history of the same tombstone. The first was that it was placed over an impious wretch, who, in Papal times, had profaned the pix. The newspaper tale is that it was placed over the grave of a non-juring clergyman, at his own request—one who refused to take the oath to King William, was ejected in consequence, and lived on the charity of the Jacobites. He died at eighty-eight years of age; so that at any rate he could not have been ill fed! Yet the story says that the word alluded to his own sufferings on account of his ejection only. He must have been made of poor stuff; and an act of duty of which the consequences were borne so ill has little to recommend him to posterity. I can scarcely think that such a feeling would have produced so emphatic and startling an epitaph, and in such a place—just at the last of the steps falling from the cathedral to the cloister. The pix story is not probable. The stone is too recent.

I should like to write a short Indian piece, if you would furnish

\* That was the text of 1814. In 1832, Wordsworth altered it to

"And make the chalice of the big round year

Run o'er with gladness."

† This was the dreadful reading of the edition of 1814. In 1836 the text was changed to:

"A choice repast—served by our young companions

With rival earnestness and kindred glee."

‡ Field says in a footnote: I would except only the following alteration: the line which resumes the narrative after the noble effusion, which is quoted at the conclusion of the tenth chapter of this work. It stood in the first edition.

"No apter strain could have been chosen: I mark'd."

It is now:

"As this apt strain proceeded, I could mark."

I remember to have heard the poet, one evening at Mr. Lamb's read the whole passage with his usual unction; and, himself condemning the harshness of the original line, he altered it to

"The strain was aptly chosen: I could mark,"

for the sake of the pause in the middle of the line, which was a relief after the full period of the preceding lines, ending

"The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God."

We all thought this a great improvement, and a learned harmony. Why was the short pause thrown away again?

me with a story. Southey mentioned one to me in Forbes's *Travels in India*.<sup>\*</sup> Have you access to the book, and leisure to consult it? He has it not. It is of a Hindoo girl, who applied to a Brahmin to recover a faithless lover, an Englishman. The Brahmin furnished her with an unguent, with which she was to anoint his chest while sleeping, and the deserter would be won back. If you can find the passage, and have leisure, pray be so kind as to transcribe it for me; and let me know whether or not you think anything can be made of it. Adieu, and believe me affectionately and faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Barron Field adds:

I had not access to Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* at the time, but I sent the poet the fine story from that book—quoted in the *Quarterly Review*—of the Brahmin who had been shown in a solar microscope the innumerable *animalcules* which he ate on all the vegetable food to which he thought he confined himself. The Brahmin became thoughtful, bought the microscope, dashed it to pieces, and addressed his friend: "Oh, that I had remained in the happy ignorance in which you found me. Yet I confess that, as my knowledge increased, so did my pleasures; till I beheld the wonders of the microscope. From that moment I have been tormented with doubts, and must remain in misery until I enter on another stage of existence. I am only one amongst fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret to myself. It has destroyed my peace, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I alone feel those doubts, which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have made thousands wretched. Forgive me, my friend; but bring here no more instruments of knowledge." To this communication I received the following answer:

RYDAL MOUNT, 19th Jany., 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the extract from the *Quarterly*. It is a noble story. I remember having read it: but it is less fit for a separate poem, than to make part of a philosophical work. I will thank you for any notices of India, though I own I am afraid of an oriental story. I know not that you will agree with me, but I have always thought that stories, where the scene is laid by our writers in distant climes, are mostly hurt—and often have their intention quite destroyed—by being overlaid with foreign imagery; as if the tale had been chosen for the sake of the imagery only.

I remain, very faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

Another letter of the poet to his friend is on a different subject.

RYDAL MOUNT, 26th Feby., 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure that your destiny is changed. Gibraltar is rather a confined situation; but I hope it may agree with your health, and Mrs. Field's. It cannot but be greatly preferable to India; and it is so much nearer home, that it seems a good deal more probable that we shall meet again, than if your station had been in the East. I write this note as an affectionate farewell. Take with you our best wishes, and God bless you.

I remain, faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Field writes:

In 1840 I revisited Rydal Mount. I saw the immortalised portrait, and the poet read to me the *Lines suggested by it*. He also read his *Lines on hearing the Cuckoo in the Monastery of San Francesco d'Assisi*, and his *Modernisation of Chaucer's Cuckoo and Nightingale*. In illustration of the latter, he referred to the part which the crow plays in *The Manciple's Tale*; and praised the father-poet's dramatic skill and courage, in making the Manciple—whose only object in life was to be a trusty domestic—draw this moral from the tale alone:

"My sone, be war, and be non auctour newe  
Of tydings, whether they ben false or trewe.  
Wher-so thou come, amonges hye or lowe,  
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thenk up-on the crowe."

He wished that the delicacy of modern ears would allow him to translate the whole of this tale, and dwell with rapture upon the remorse of Phœbus for having slain his adulterous wife.

"For sorwe of which he brak his minstrelcye,  
Bothe harpe, and lute, and giterne, and sautrye;  
And eek he brak his arwes and his bowe."

On the mantelpiece of my bedroom was the "needle-case in the form of a harp" made by his daughter. The "Australian parrot," and the "gold and silver fish" of his poems were dead. But one of the "turtle-doves" survived. He told me the story of his life, of his patrimony, of his acquaintance with Hazlitt, and De Quincey; and of the several causes of the cessation of these acquaintanceships not to be recorded in writing. He took me to his early residence at Grasmere, and showed me that

"little nook of mountain ground,  
The rocky corner in the lowest stair  
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound  
One side of the whole vale with grandeur rare;  
Sweet garden-orchard," etc.

It was the haunt of the celandine and daffodil, the poet's own

<sup>\*</sup> The story was in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. iii. pp. 233-235.

flowers. I did not see his sister, but made the acquaintance of Joanna, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister; and lastly saw the stone in the grounds of Rydal, with its inscription. . . .

After quoting the first of Wordsworth's letters to him (that of October 24, 1828) Field wrote in his *Memoirs* that "there was a considerable difference between the poet's theory and his practice"; and he afterwards quoted a remark from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*:

"In the critical remarks prefixed and annexed to the *Lyrical Ballads* I believe that we may safely rest as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have since had to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves were dwelt upon, and cited, to justify the rejection of the theory.

On this we have the following note pencilled by Wordsworth:

In the foregoing there is frequent reference to what is called Mr. Wordsworth's "theory," and his "preface." I never cared a straw about the theory, and the preface was written at the request of Coleridge, out of sheer good nature. I recollect the very spot—a deserted quarry in the vale of Grasmere—where he pressed the theory upon me, and but for that it would never have been thought of. I would have written many things—like the *Essay upon Epitaphs*—out of kindness to him, in *The Friend*; but he always put me off by saying, "You must wait till my principles are laid down, and then I shall be happy to have your contributions." But the "principles" never were laid down, and the work fell to the ground.

As I was never fond of writing prose, and required some incitement to do so, I rather regret having been prevented in this way by my dear friend.

It is somewhat curious that Wordsworth should attribute the want of success of the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* to the presence of *The Ancient Mariner* and other poems in it, without a "preface" explanatory; and that Coleridge should attribute the failure of the second edition to the presence in it of that very "preface" which announced a new poetical theory, or method, which was repellent to the critics of the day.

While the chief value of Field's manuscript lies in these letters of Wordsworth, they contain others—from Cottle, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott and Sir George Beaumont—of very considerable interest: while casual remarks made by his distinguished friends and correspondents, sometimes light up the otherwise dull and monotonous pages, e.g.:

Poetry [as I once heard Coleridge say] knocks at the door! If there is nobody at home, it goes away.

Wer den Dichter will verstehen  
Muss in Dichter's Lande gehen.

Who would the poet understand  
Must enter first the poet's land.

Field also writes:

Mr. Wordsworth one day said to me, "It is not enough for a poet to possess power of mind, he must also have knowledge of the heart; and this can only be acquired by time, and tranquil leisure. No very great poem has been written by a very young man, or by a very unhappy one. It was poor dear Coleridge's constant infelicity that prevented him from being the poet that Nature had given him the power to be. He had always too much personal and domestic discontent to paint the sorrows of mankind. He could not

afford to suffer

With those whom he saw suffer.

I gave him the subject of his *Three Graves*, but he made it too shocking and painful. Not being able to dwell on, or sanctify natural woes, he took to the Supernatural; and hence his *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, in which he shows great poetic power."

Again he tells us that S. T. C. said of his friend:

Of all the men I ever knew, Wordsworth has the least femininity of mind. He is all man.

The next item is almost comical. In 1841 some electors of the Ayr Boroughs in Scotland offered to help to return Wordsworth as their representative in Parliament! Had they carried out their intention, the opening sentence of Jeffrey's review of *The Excursion* would have been relevant for once: "This will never do!" It is useless to speculate on "might-have-beens"; but Field was of opinion that had Wordsworth's father not died so early, the son would have become a barrister!



Reference may also be made to what Field says of Charles Lamb's criticism of *Yarrow Visited*, in the year 1815; and its effect in determining the poet's final text of 1827. Of the sixth stanza Lamb had remarked that "no lovelier verse can be found in the wide world of poetry," the stanza being the following:

But thou that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation;  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed  
And pastoral melancholy.

But, when the cottage was introduced in the eighth stanza as "promising protection to studious ease," etc., Lamb objected "that this literary resident" (in the cottage) "was out of keeping; like a painter intruding himself—sitting on a camp-stool with his portfolio—into a romantic landscape." Wordsworth accordingly altered the stanza thus:

Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—  
The brood of chaste affection.

Other extracts from Field's unpublished *Memoirs* might be given, but these may suffice as illustrations of the work of an almost forgotten writer, and also as a fragmentary sample of those *Letters of the Wordsworth Family* now in the press, and to be published shortly.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Amateur and Specialist," by Andrew Lang.]

## OUT OF HEARING

No need to hush the children for her sake,  
Or fear their play:  
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.  
'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take,  
Betide what may.

No need to hush the children for her sake,  
Even if their glee could yet again outbreak  
So loud and gay,  
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make  
This many a day:  
No need to hush the children. For her sake  
So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache  
At their dismay.

She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake  
To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake,  
Small heed they'd pay.  
No need to hush the children for her sake;  
She will not wake, my grief, she will not wake.

JANE BARLOW.

## FICTION

*The Labourer's Comedy.* By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.  
(Constable, 6s.)

THIS is by far the best work that Mrs. Rawson has yet done. Her previous novels and stories were distinguished by charm and delicacy; but they were neat prentice-work and nothing more. "The Labourer's Comedy" is more ambitious in design and larger in conception; for here Mrs. Rawson treats a phase from a fixed standpoint. That standpoint happens to be one of cheerful submission to life; the important thing is that there is always one individual attitude, unwavering, and this gives

finish to the picture which she offers. Plowden Gifford is that most pathetic of all characters—an inventor. He is an amiable man, and quite without any business instincts: he is therefore exploited on every side. Pamela, his wife, believes implicitly in the illusion of his ultimate success, and buckles to in order that they may have sufficient money to keep up the little flat, and that Gifford may not be forced to kill his imagination in the drudgery of office-work. Pamela becomes a lady-journalist, and slaves on a cheap society paper. But at last her bodily strength gives way, and that confidence weakens and combats with her love: and they are only saved from disaster by the help of a friend, who gives them the means for taking a long rest. Such is the brief outline of the story, and we admit that, like all brief outlines, it is devoid of vitality and interest. But the story has both vitality and interest to an extraordinary degree. All the life in that "beehive"—Paradise Mansions—is shown with discriminating sympathy—the hopes, the troubles, the joys, the sorrows of the occupants of these small tenements, as they struggle to maintain their life, and to give that life a little dignity. We see, too, the inside of the cheapest journalism, with its sordidness and excitement, and we see all in the perspective of that brave little lady, Pamela Gifford.

*The Parson's Wood.* By VIOLET A. SIMPSON. (Nash, 6s.)

MISS SIMPSON takes us back to the summer of 1688 in her pretty picturesque story of the loyalty of the Anscombes of the "Noughts and Crosses" to the Braythwaytes of The Manor. True to the traditions of her family, Joanna Anscombe risks her liberty and her happiness with her Puritan lover to help her old playmates, Mistress Dahlia and "King" Carlos. All the scenes in the exciting drama take place within a few days, crowded with incident and romantic situation. The opening chapter contains a charming description of the peaceful life at the Inn before the storm of religious fury breaks over the country. Rarely outside the realm of fancy was there ever such a wonderful hostelry, such treasures within, and such a glorious prospect without, or a landlord and landlord's daughter equal to those presented in these pages. The details of the story are carefully considered, but it is scarcely possible in tales of this kind to avoid some trifling blunders that for a moment check the reader's pleasure in the reality of the scene; and how came gentle Mistress "Dahlia" by her inappropriate name a hundred years too soon? Miss Simpson has a clear and graceful style, and writes well, without exaggeration of local colour or of expressions of the time, and we have not often met with a more enjoyable tale of its kind than "The Parson's Wood."

*Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy.* By CHARLES MAJOR. (Macmillan, 6s.)

ONCE we knew a little girl who cherished ideals. She was quite sure that the people who wrote books had hopelessly wrong notions of how books, particularly romantic books, should be written. While still of a tender age her little heart throbbed with a burning desire to show the wide, wonderful world how it ought to be done. Mr. Charles Major reminds us of that little girl. He is so naïve, so ingenuous. "I should like to write the history of the world," he says, "if for no other reason than to assist several well-established heroes down from their pedestals." But the reader who "cannot abide" historical romance, outside a charmed circle of earlier days, may take up this book with an easy mind. History will not damp his ardour here, whatever else may. There are wars and rumours of wars, disguises, the heir to a dukedom, a princess, others—and Yolanda. "Yolanda," we are told, about the middle of the story, is quite as important a personage in this narrative as Count Maximilian, "the heir to the great house of Hapsburg," and "myself [Sir Karl] a younger son of the noble house of Pitti." Sir Karl's—or is it Mr. Charles Major's?—use of capitals is modest and instructive; and the statement is timely;

we were in grave danger of losing sight of the lady, and we must admit that Yolanda deserves some notice, since she gives the title to the book. She was decidedly a young lady of parts, Yolanda of the saucy glance and the tremulous little smile playing constantly about her red, bedimpled mouth. She could bow with more than the grace of a burgher girl, and could say, upon occasion, with the condescension of a princess: "Sir Karl, you pleasure me." Had opportunity served she might have been another Joan of Arc. And yet—perhaps we were mistaken—we did, at least twice, suspect her of giving way to petulance. The main interest of the book should centre in the question, Who is Yolanda? We are more concerned to know, Who is Sir Karl? Is he Mr. Major as he is, or merely Mr. Major as he would wish to be?

*White Fire.* By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Oxenham decided to write a missionary story, he did himself an injustice in imagining that he could make a good one. His failure proves, not that he is no storyteller, but that his versatility has limits. He has used all the old stage properties: the good little boy, working at Euclid and Latin while tending his beasts on a Scotch hillside; the little girl, delicately nurtured, who meets him at the age of thirteen, and receives an indelible impression; the good elder who helps the herd laddie on his way; the white-haired missionary hero; all are here, and how dull they are! They have done duty so often, that they are now like battered wood-blocks, and only print-blurred. Mr. Oxenham tires of them himself, early in the book, and the story that was to be a missionary tale becomes instead quite an exciting yarn of adventure, only held in check by occasional regrettable scruples. The mission-ship carries a Long Tom, and a well-drilled fighting crew, and behaves, to all intents and purposes, like a good old rumbustical pirate, always, of course, using violent means to a saintly end. In fact, the book is the stage of a pleasant little comedy in which Mr. Oxenham, the writer of gallant intricacies of adventure, plays and parries with that other Mr. Oxenham who is determined to do the missionary story with becoming zeal and piety. Neither adventurer nor missionary has the stage to himself. Consequently, though parts of the book belong to a bad missionary tale, the rest seems to be made up of slices from a well-flavoured adventurous romance. The two do not dovetail very well.

*Paradise.* By ALICE BROWN. (Constable, 6s.)

THE group of people portrayed in "Paradise" differs in no material circumstance from the American village communities familiar to English readers, but the author surrounds them with an atmosphere peculiarly her own. She thinks for herself, and after no commonplace fashion, and holds curious views of life, happiness and Paradise. The nameless Barbara who comes a stranger into the village, and enters into the intimate life of the dwellers therein, is a beautiful character, and suggests the embodied spirit of Hope. Her sudden departure without promise of return leaves an impression as of a good spirit whose work is done, and who knows that her mission henceforth lies elsewhere. Uncle Jimmie is an odd amusing creature with a malicious and rather grim humour. After forty years of righteousness and "keeping the rules," against all his natural inclination, he allows himself to die, partly out of weariness of this world, and partly out of curiosity to discover whether there is another country. The spoken and unspoken question that pervades the book is, "Paradise! What is it?" the speculation coloured by individual need or fancy; yet it is not a religious story. The trivial daily round is here, together with events that verge upon tragedy; everything happens in the most natural and simple manner, even improbable incidents are worked in harmoniously. It is a story of strong human interest, tender and humorous, and in its peculiar way strangely attractive.

*A Prophet of Wales.* By MAX BARING. (Greening, 6s.)

To write on Wales, and not to mention religion or song, would be something strange. Mr. Max Baring has gone boldly to the "Singing Revival" of 1904-5 for the inspiration and the setting of his new novel. Of moderate length and compass, "A Prophet of Wales" forms a document of human interest; for, as those who were in Wales at that time can testify, the events described are transcriptions from the life. If we were to quarrel with the author, it would be on this ground: for the likenesses are almost too closely drawn, and the events too near, to satisfy the subtler claims of art. But we have to thank Mr. Baring for his fair and interpretative attitude towards the Revival and its leaders, easy to parody and to decry, yet most moving to those who come under their influence. By means of dialogue and character, their dangers and beauties are put before us, while our judgment is not constrained. More might perhaps have been made of the "mystic lights," so vividly affecting to those who saw them. The characters are interesting, though not elaborate. The "Prophet," who falls from the beauty of holiness to the beauty of a woman, is natural enough; to a sympathetic reader, remembering the place he holds in the hearts of the people after his madness and death, his fall will seem not so great a sin as the lamentable snare set by the "widow." That is a fine use of vision when he sees, written on the air above him, "Keep thyself pure." Nor must the quiet self-sacrificing doctor be forgotten, one of those "patient in all their trials," and much more besides, as Crabbe describes them in "The Borough." He is "Dr. John" with a difference.

*A Golden Trust.* By THEO DOUGLAS. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THERE is no lack of incident in "A Golden Trust." A buried treasure, especially if it be ill-gotten, as were the hoarded riches of the fire-booting Hardens of Hard's Onsett, is always certain to provide plenty of action. We are not disappointed. In Andrew Harden we have the aged and sole guardian of the secret, and most of the other characters are his relations or persons interested in sharing the plunder. The hero is John Calderwood, old Andrew's grandson, who goes through a number of the regulation hair-breadth escapes before he can settle down with pretty Sylvia Lestrier, a distant cousin, on the old family farm. There is nothing particularly original about the plot, but the author has worked it out cleverly. While we are carried along by the development of the story we are mainly interested in the characters. Andrew Harden is a well-drawn portrait of an old man who, without being a miser, is unwilling to disclose his wealth even to the dearly loved grandson who is to benefit by it, and has so long postponed his purpose as to have half-forgotten his own secret. Some of the other characters are distinct, if slight, and the writer has told his story simply. Even when we are taken to the salons of witty Frenchwomen living amidst the great Revolution, we find none of that rapier play of epigrammatic dialogue which, when not first-rate, is unutterably tedious.

## FINE ART

CHARLES CONDER AND JACQUES BLANCHE

THE most interesting Exhibition at this moment is that held at the Leicester Galleries by these various but distinguished artists. Mr. Conder has the rare—we may say in these times the unique—gift of imagination, shown, not in the tedious and false academic way of painfully reconstructing a condition which might conceivably have existed in some former age, nor, on the other hand, in reconstructing the handling and style of former artists, but in the power of creation, of calling up a new world which never has existed and never could exist. It is true that he



amuses himself by placing his figures in settings and costumes that are vaguely reminiscent of Greece, or of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but in truth his land is the Isle of Conder, and his people are Conderites. Many influences have combined to form his visions: Fragonard, Whistler, Monticelli, Indian artists; even Rowlandson may be said to have a place. But all these influences, including the paramount influence of nature, have been so absorbed and assimilated that the final result appears as spontaneous and unconscious as the growing of a flower. His sense for colour is not only unerring, but bold and original to the highest degree. Not only can he manipulate—as he felicitously did from the first—the faded tapestry colours dear to the decorator, but he can now make magenta, verdigris and the wildest of aniline dyes into things of magical beauty. But whilst this colour-sense is as phenomenal as in the best Eastern work, his sense for, or perhaps we should say his interest in, form, is equally phenomenal in the disconcerting sense of being extravagantly weak. On the fans with which his art is chiefly associated, and in the medium of water-colour or *gouache* which he handles so exquisitely, we are not led to analyse and dissect the figures which are adequate for their purpose and scale. But in the more intractable medium and on the larger scale of oil, the results are occasionally disastrous to the one emotion which we are summoned to feel, the sense of sheer, unrelated beauty. No doubt Mr. Conder is right, knowing his limitations, not to aim at greater correctness. His gift is so subtle and fragile, that any sense of effort would blow it to pieces. But we may regret that he has not refrained from touching oil-paint altogether, since his use of it not only shows up his technical deficiencies, but his essentially morbid and therefore vulgar ideals. His women are the perverse and disastrous witches and sirens of the transpontine drama, of the perruquier's dummy, of the box of "cerini." In dealing with the human figure, no art is great, nor even wholly sane that does not recognise the fundamental identity in the form of man and woman. That is what makes Rubens pure in spite of his sensuality, and Degas clean in spite of his perversity. Their creations are human beings before being women. Mr. Conder's horror of accent, his avoidance of any indication of bone and muscle is a weak and "missish" idealism, conscious or unconscious. I hasten to add that in spite of these defects—for defects they are, and not merits—Mr. Conder's qualities are so fine and rare that we ought to "thank Heaven on our knees fasting," for what he does give us.

M. Jaques Blanche forms an interesting contrast. Without any exceptionally original gifts, M. Blanche has by sheer industry and indefatigable self-criticism attained the highest rank among Academical painters. I say Academical, because that seems to me the proper term for an art which is so correct and distinguished and based on the study of masters like Gainsborough. But I know of no Academician or Associate who has attained the mastery of his material on traditional lines like M. Blanche.

Such a picture as the portrait of Aubrey Beardsley is admirable not only as a portrait but also as a piece of fluent, eloquent painting. All the studies of his beautiful model, Bérénice, are charming, but *Bérénice and the Doll* is the most perfect in its scholarly use of transparent luminous colour.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKI

"IMMORTALITY," said Brahms, in a bull to which he was not entitled by nationality; "yes, immortality is a fine thing, if one only knew how long it would last!"

The gods themselves, it seems, are doubtful of securing reserved seats in Valhalla for ever. Miss Rosa Newmarch, who has edited the interesting "Life and Letters of Peter

Ilich Tchaikovski," from the Russian of his brother, Modeste Tchaikovski (Lane, 21s. net), gives an intimation of this uncertainty on the first page of her book. "To Sergei Ivanovitch Tanaiev, and to all who still cherish the memory of Peter Ilich Tchaikovski," she writes, "I dedicate this work."

It is a dedication to the whole musical world. Tchaikovski has been dead twelve years, and his memory is still green. From the point of view of immortality, in fact, he is only beginning to exist. His intensely human and emotional music, in which it is impossible to dissociate the man from the composer, keeps him a living presence in our midst. So long as beauty is the recognised principle of art, so long will his name on the programme draw a full audience to the concert-hall. There are people who love music, yet think themselves justified in sneering at Tchaikovski because he is not Richard Strauss, much in the same way as Cherubini sneered at Beethoven because he was not—well, Cherubini, let us say. As well censure Wagner for not being Elgar. It is possible, of course, to be quite catholic in one's tastes, and yet feel a stronger spiritual affinity with one composer than another. The writer of this article confesses openly to bias where Tchaikovski is concerned, having heard most of his generally known works as often as possible, and the sixth and last symphony known as the "pathetic," thirteen times under different conductors, and always with undiminished enthusiasm. The pleasure certainly varied according as Henry Wood, or Nikisch, or Cowen gave his individual interpretation to the work, but the impression of poignant beauty evoked by each and all of its four numbers remained the same under any bâton.

Tchaikovski was, above all things, in mind and music a Russian of the Russians. An old French governess relates that at the age of five, during a geography lesson, he showed his appreciation of his native land by covering that country with kisses, and spitting on the others in the map. It speaks somewhat dubiously for Mlle. Fanny's *Kinderstubenerziehung* of this small patriot, that he should have chosen such an unsophisticated mode of expression; but, though in time Peter Ilich ceased to be a child of Nature, a child of Russia he remained to his life's end. A burning nostalgia devoured him whenever he found himself without her boundaries. Countless letters to Rubinstein and others manifest how gladly he would have renounced all the beauties of the South, where he went to recover health, for a glimpse of his beloved Moscow. He writes from San Remo to his mysterious benefactress, Nadehda Filaretovna von Meck:

Everywhere one sees palms, olives, heliotropes, jasmine, it is gloriously beautiful—and yet . . . I am seized with a desire to go home. Why? Why should a simple Russian landscape, a walk through our homely villages and woods, a tramp in the fields and steppes at sunset inspire me with such an intense love of nature, that I throw myself down on the earth, and give myself up to the enchantment with which all these humble things fill me?

Another time, speaking of his methods of composition he writes:

As regards the Russian element in my works, I will tell you that not infrequently I begin a composition with the intention of introducing some folk-melody into it. Sometimes it comes of its own accord, sometimes unintentionally, as in the finale of *our* symphony [the fourth dedicated to Nadehda Filaretovna]. As to this national element in my work, its affinities with my melodies and harmonies proceed from my having spent my childhood in the country, and having been from my earliest years impregnated with the characteristic beauty of our Russian folk-music. I am passionately fond of the national element in all its varied expressions.

Yet it was precisely this quality in Peter Ilich's music which caused its indigestion by foreign audiences, long after antagonism had been conquered at home. "I do not please, I, and my works," said the composer, "there is an exotic flavour about us to which Westerns take exception. It is the Russian fibre in us both."

A very good analysis of this exotic flavour in his works

is given in the letter to Count Tolstoi thanking him for some unsuitable musical material.

The songs have been taken down by an unskilful hand, and in consequence nearly all their original beauty is lost. The chief mistake is that they have been forced artificially into a regular rhythm. Only the Russian choral dances have a regularly accentuated measure. The legends (Bylini) have nothing in common with the dances. Most of these have been written down in the lively key of D major that is quite out of keeping with the tonality of the genuine Russian folk-songs, which are always in some indefinite key such as can only be compared to the old church modes.

It was, perhaps, from the affinities between his national melodies and the old Church modes, that Tchaikovski not infrequently made use of the latter himself. In his third suite there is a striking variation successfully developed in the Phrygian mode. He also re-set the entire Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and was much chagrined by a letter from the Ven. Ambrose, vicar of Moscow, who contended that, as the holy words had been for centuries the religious property of the people, to use them as a libretto in a concert-hall was profanation. Tchaikovski's genius was for a long time hampered by his extreme sensitiveness to criticism, which however he invited as ardently as he disliked it. Friends as well as enemies conceived it to be their duty to point out failings in his works with an unsparing hand. The words "weak, commonplace, detestable" appear constantly in letters and notices written even by such intimates as Laroche, Cesar Cui, Balakirev, Tanaiev, and Rubinstein; and the composer felt them as so many blows. Hanslick's onslaught on the beautiful violin-concerto when first played by Brodsky in Vienna, is a good example of this. After dubbing the work "long, pretentious, and crude," he ends with these remarkable sentences:

Friedrich Fischer, when describing lascivious painting, once said there were pictures *one could see stink*. Tchaikovski's violin concerto brings us face to face for the first time with the revolting idea: "May there not be musical compositions which one can hear stink?"

It would not be altogether apt to apply to the Viennese critic those scornful lines with which Shelley dismissed Keats's detractors to the limbo of oblivion, and call him a mere "noteless blot on a remembered name." But public opinion has long ago reversed Hanslick's decision on the concerto, unless, indeed, modern audiences have become so demoralised as positively to revel in a roll in the ashpit, like naughty little dogs. Nicholas Rubinstein was no less cruel in his denunciation of the first Pianoforte Concerto when his pupil, with that sensitive humility which was one of Tchaikovski's most lovable characteristics, first played the score to him. Nicholas heard the various parts through in discouraging silence; then, when the whole had been rendered, burst into a storm of dispraise. "I was not only astounded but deeply mortified," says poor Tchaikovski, "there was no trace of friendliness in the whole proceedings . . . it cut me to the quick."

It is difficult to conceive how musicians, who are almost invariably endowed with over-sensibility, can be so unkind to each other; nor how Rubinstein can have found pleasure in dealing deadly blows to his friend's hopes, as well as to his self-esteem. We like to imagine that the divinities who recline on Olympus, find some loftier words of greeting to the alien god toiling up the slope than the proverbial "Ere's a stranger—let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!"

It is noteworthy that the people who passed the severest censure on Tchaikovski have themselves been assigned lower places by the present generation, thus justifying a well known epigram of Amiel: "It is a sign of mediocrity to be niggardly of praise." Modest as he was, Tchaikovski could not but believe in himself: "I have a foretaste in my life-time," he writes, "of the fame which will be meted out to me, when the future of Russian music comes to be written. My faith in the future is unshakeable!"

E#

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MODERN IRISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The correspondence on Modern Irish in your last number seems to emphasise something that has often struck me as seriously amiss in the method of transliterating Gaelic, the reproduction, namely, of each "aspirated" letter with an added *h*, thereby forming syllables the uncouth and unpronounceable appearance of which gives no clue to the real sound of the words.

For example: the Gaelic alphabet having no separate characters for *v* and *w*, they are supplied by "aspirating" *b* and *m*, and recognising them as *v* with slender, and *w* with broad, vowels. This is simple enough. But *bh* and *mh* in English are not understood to represent anything of the sort. Somewhat similarly Modern Greek in words of foreign origin has adopted the combinations *μν* and *ντ* to represent *β* and *δ* (hard), characters which its alphabet lacks. Yet nobody transliterating Greek would write such words as *Ntemporah* or *Mpentouin*. The analogy indeed is so far imperfect that these two sounds are wanting in Modern Greek, whereas Gaelic apparently comprises more than every imaginable sound.

Again for instance, as the Gaelic "aspirated" *t* is merely *t* mute, to represent it in English by *th* is wholly misleading. In short the addition of *h* seems to be so in the case of all the "aspirated" consonants except broad *c* and broad *g*. On the contrary, *h* should follow an unaspirated slender *s*, which is otherwise sure to be mispronounced in English.

These facts are of course familiar to every one who has the most rudimentary acquaintance with Gaelic; but the number of people who have not even that acquaintance is very large, and perhaps all the larger for the needlessly forbidding aspect of transliterated Gaelic—the only aspect which comes under their observation. Their discouragement might be diminished were the "aspirated" letters represented as far as possible by their real equivalents in the Roman characters. This would not obscure the derivation of the words for any one who knows the Gaelic alphabet, and would give readers who are quite ignorant of the language less erroneous ideas about what is to be found in its own clear and pleasant type or script.

Raheny, co. Dublin.

JANE BARLOW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Unfortunately for the argument, the "Gaelic Revival" has no connection with literature, save in the far-away minds of a distressfully limited number of scholars. As a national concern it has one dominant significance: it is a new instrument in political warfare. The Gaelic League, to which Mr. Stephen Gwynn seems gladly to pin his colours, is a political organisation to the heart's core of it. To be sure, it makes a great business of teaching the Gaelic, and bursts into enthusiasm and fervid song at the Queen's Hall, but to the masses, the League aims at accentuating the differences and widening the channel between Ireland and England. It is as though the Organisation rose up against the mother of Parliaments and cried: "Confusion take ye!" and drowned her in a storm of Gaelic epithets.

There are visible and outward signs of the study of the ancient language in Ireland. In towns not far from the seaboard where English is, and has for generations past been, the language of the people, will be found signposts bearing Gaelic inscriptions (frequently with an illuminating translation): or, a small shopkeeper in a small street in a small, small town, learns how to spell in Gaelic his own name, and—red-hot and national—rubs out the old sign over his doorposts. He is probably a grocer: certainly not "licensed to sell wine and spirits." Had he been, commerce would have triumphed easily over literature. Gaelic for its own sweet sake, for the soft seductive music of it, may well be the ideal of the scholar and the poet, but scholars and poets are few in Ireland, and the Gaelic Leaguer flourishes most in cosmopolitan London.

With all Mr. Robertson says of the language I am in cordial agreement. Gaelic literature would gain if eminent authorities like Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. Robert C. Carmichael could agree as to the spelling of the Gaelic League or Association, whichever be its correct style. Mr. Stephen Gwynn has it *Cumaim Gaodklach*, Mr. Carmichael *Comunn Gaidhealach*! Perhaps Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. W. J. Gruffydd can give variants.

S. R. E.

### THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Does Shelley miss "the immortal phrase?" The question is suggested to me by the following remark from an article on William Blake in the current ACADEMY. "Shelley seems to be ever approaching the immortal phrase, but he seldom reaches it absolutely." If this is so, Shelley is the "ineffectual angel" of Matthew Arnold's dictum. But when the prince of modern critics uttered such a judgment, he was in that somnolent condition which even Homer could not always avoid. In the article which I refer to Shelley is unfavourably compared with Wordsworth in this matter of the immortal phrase. But surely this is unfair to him whom many regard as England's greatest purely lyric



poet. If the two poets are tested according to Matthew Arnold's method, we may choose as our passage from Wordsworth :

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.  
Probably Shelley wrote no poem that is finer than his "Adonais."  
From this poem I quote the following lines :

He hath awakened from the dream of life,  
and  
He is made one with Nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;

and  
He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely.

There is no failure here to reach the immortal phrase. Shelley's success is equal to that of Wordsworth.

H. P. WRIGHT.

Otterburn R.S.O., Northumberland.

#### STUDIES IN POETRY AND CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—After reading your article on Mr. Churton Collins's book "Studies in Poetry and Criticism," I am sure it must have occurred to many readers, that the "grave and serious conclusion" reached by him in the paragraphs you quote, had already been anticipated twenty-five years ago, by that great teacher and true lover of the best poetry, Matthew Arnold. May I reproduce some lines from the first two paragraphs of his essay on "The Study of Poetry"? He says :

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialised itself in the fact, in the supposed fact ; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything ; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea ; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

He goes on to say : "Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. . . . We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete ; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . . Our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now ; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being ; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously ; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize the breath and finer spirit of knowledge, offered to us by poetry."

The coincidence of idea is remarkable.

December 18.

E. A. ONGLEY.

#### THE CLYDE MYSTERY AND THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—By a fortunate coincidence I have just finished reading Dr. Munro's fascinating volume on "Archæology and False Antiquities" when I take up the ACADEMY and read the review on Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Clyde Mystery," and I would ask you, sir, whether the following considerations may not possibly throw some light upon this vexed question.

Donnelly is the name of the gentleman who in 1896 and 1898 found the disputed objects of carved shale in the structures of Dumbuck and Dunbuie. Amongst these objects were two oyster-shells carved into the semblance of human faces. These Professor Boyd Dawkins has pronounced to be unmistakable American Blue Points, thereby proving conclusively that, if they are to be considered genuine, then the importation of American oysters to the banks of the Clyde began before the discovery of America! Now, sir, on the other side of the Atlantic there is, or was till recently, another gentleman of the name of Donnelly, Ignatius of that ilk, who, delving in an ancient structure called Shakespeare, discovered a representation of the features of a gentleman named Bacon. Some indeed go so far as to say that he first imported these features and then discovered them.

Can it, sir, can it be that Donnelly of Scotland is cousin to Donnelly of America? That Donnelly of America visited Donnelly of Scotland in the years 1896 and 1898? That Donnelly of America repaid the hospitality of Donnelly of Scotland by bringing over American Blue Points and "salting" the ancient sites with them? In fine that Donnelly of America is the practical joker whom Mr. Lang begs to come forward and make a clean breast of it? Of course, sir, I see the discrepancy in my theory. The American Donnelly has the redundant

"n" in his name. The Scotch Donnelly, if you in the ACADEMY spell his name right, has not. But, sir, I ask you in all seriousness, might this not be only another proof of a deep-laid plot? It now rests with Mr. Donnelly of Scotland to say whether or no Dr. Donnelly of America was on a visit to him in the years 1896 and 1898.

G. S. LAYARD.

Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe.

#### SIMEON SOLOMON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I feel sure that many of your readers will join me in thanks to Mr. Ross for his interesting and illuminating article on Simeon Solomon. For years I have wondered at the neglect that has been the lot of his work, and the sordid life of the artist seems a poor excuse, now that one finds it to be the cause of the silence. Other men, as J. M. W. Turner, for instance, have lived in the gutter, but still received recognition as artists. Once again, as in the case of Oscar Wilde (one could name others), we find our delectable British cant to be the cause of the neglect of fine work. The purpose of my letter, however, is to ask Mr. Ross, or some other reader, for a short list of Solomon's best published works. Mr. Ross speaks of Hollier, but I cannot find any reference to Solomon in his catalogue. W. A. Mansell and Co. publish several hundreds of reproductions, but none of them mentioned by Mr. Ross. All that I have seen seem to me to be hall-marked with the stamp of genius, and this in spite of a frequent crudity in drawing. Mr. Ross speaks of Solomon's art as of no interest after 1830, but I have a reproduction of a picture which is an exception, viz., "I said unto my soul there is no light in thine eyes." This is a fine example of the artist's mystical style ; sustaining a haunting idea ; but, as usual, rather crude in drawing. It is dated 1893.

It seems significant that so many of the most individual of our painters (consider, for instance, Wm. Blake and D. G. Rossetti) have been weak in drawing. It is not a reproach that one can urge against modern artists, most of whom can only draw.

E. R. B.

#### THE CARFAX SCHOOL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—R. R., writing for Carfax and Co., has, as he admits, broken "an honourable convention," which has restrained dealers from discussing criticism of their own wares, but his letter is not pertinent except in the point where he has corrected an obvious slip of mine in substituting Samuel for Alexander Cozens. I did not intend to imply that Mr. Rich and Mr. Charles Shannon had exhibited their works at the Carfax Gallery—that is an accident that does not invalidate my main contention. R. R. cannot understand by what process of classification I can include the art of Mr. Steer and Mr. Tonks with that of Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Rich and Mr. Ponsonby. If archaism be a sin, it may seem as if Mr. Steer, the pioneer, could hardly be accused of it, and it was only in some of his slighter works, in the water-colours, that there seemed to be a certain yielding, a slight concession, which I regretted in his intransigence. What the artists I have mentioned show in common, is a distrust and dislike of their own talent, their own eyesight, their own period and environment. No art is on a sound basis that is distinctly divorced from contemporary life, or that is not in continuation and development of the immediate predecessors. And in the twentieth century to ignore Turner, the Pre-Raphaelites, Monet, Whistler, Degas, Maris, etc., is to take an untenable position, insincere and perverse. The conventions of the early water-colourists were not conventions to them, but truths, and it is idle for a modern painter to pretend to see nature as they did. One cannot quote on the other side the Pre-Raphaelites, for their inspiration consisted in the emulation of a spirit, not in imitation of a manner.

An artist, to be for all time, must be first of his own time. This does not suffice, but it is essential. It would be unreasonable to make any general complaint when artists are attacking the problem in a sincere spirit. Shortcomings there must be, and we can only wish them "Bon courage." It is only when there appears to be a disposition to abandon the struggle and return complacently to the methods and assume the vision of artists in the past that one feels justified in repeating Whistler's warning, "Is the world then exhausted? and must we go back because the thumb of the mountebank jerks the other way?"

B. S.

#### EDWIN DROOD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is a thousand pities that Mr. Walters and Mr. Lang were unaware, in their controversy over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," that Charles Dickens himself devoted part of his leisure after leaving the world of the flesh to completing that fascinating book. At least so we are informed by a volume published at Brattleboro, Vermont, by T. P. James in 1874 and entitled, "Part II. of the Mystery of Edwin Drood, by the spirit-pen of Charles Dickens through a Medium." According to this precious addition to our libraries Datchery was a son of the Princess Puffer ; Edwin Drood comes to life again and marries Rosa ; Neville dies opportunely, just after his innocence has

been proved; Crisparkle marries Helen; and poor Tartar is silently dropped. Among other conclusions to be drawn from the volume, we find that Dickens in the *Other World* seems to associate chiefly with imperfectly educated Americans, whose idioms and grammar he has adopted in completing his novel.

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

New York.

### JULES VERNE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some time ago there was a note in the ACADEMY on a proposal to erect a monument to Jules Verne at Nantes, a town which is commonly supposed to have been his birthplace. This, I recollected, had been disputed, but I have only just chanced again on an issue of a Genevan literary paper, in which the question was raised. It is there said that "Jules Verne" was born at Plotzk in Poland, and that his real name was Julian Olschewitz. This statement is made on the authority of an aged lady, who says she remembers that Olschewitz, in spite of his youth, obtained quite a reputation at Plotzk as a learned Talmudist; but one day he had his hair, which he wore very long in the manner of his co-religionists, cut short, and set out, as a citizen of the world, to make his fortune. Olschewitz, it is said, is derived from the Polish word for alder, "olscha," and alder in old French is "vergne" or "verne."

EDWARD WRIGHT.

### THE "READING" OF BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is extraordinary the number of books, especially novels, which are nowadays published by very good firms without apparently having been "read" at all. The type is usually large enough, and the impression clear, but compositors' errors, chiefly those called "literals," are much too common.

It so happens that I have not only had a long experience with proofs on the staff of a daily paper where we rather pride ourselves on our accuracy, and have been constantly reviewing books for the last fifteen years, but I have also read the proofs of several books for friends of mine. The contrast between "reading" as understood by the firms that print books and by my newspaper is really amazing. On my paper a reader is fined if he passes a bad "literal"; it would almost seem as if the readers for book-printers considered that they had a loftier mission than the correction of such vulgar errors. For instance, in a friend's novel which I read last year, the name of one of the characters was uniformly given in the type-written copy as "Cecily." Some of the compositors "followed copy," and others made it "Cicely." It was clearly the duty of the readers to make the spelling uniform according to copy, but they did not do so—rather an expensive omission as the author was only supplied, as is now the custom, with page-proofs. What they did was to "query," in an irritating manner, any expression or turn of phrase which was at all unusual or unhackneyed. I do not say they were wrong, according to their lights, in so doing, but they should not also have left the other and plainer duty undone.

This year I read the proofs of another novel by the same writer which had been entrusted to another firm of printers. This time the reading had been admirably done, and there was hardly a "literal" in more than four hundred pages. I could not understand it until I learnt that the publisher had assigned the book to this particular firm of printers by way of trial, it being understood that if it was badly done they were to expect no more work. Even in the case of this book, however, a "his" instead of "her," which had escaped the reader's vigilance, would have made nonsense of the most important scene had I not fortunately detected it.

My experience of the books I have reviewed is that, as a rule, those written by journalists are perfectly well "read," while the works of authors who have no link with Fleet Street are disfigured by both "literals" and other errors. One distinguished novelist entrusted her last book to a poor lady to be punctuated—a disastrous experiment, for the zeal of the poor lady was so little according to knowledge that hundreds of thousands of commas had to be removed at great expense when a second edition was called for! It seems a pity, because the works of writers who are not journalists are usually of more permanent value than the others.

I ought in fairness to add that the greater part of the "copy" received by book-printers is in a terrible state for lack both of intelligent typing and of intelligent revision.

Perhaps other readers of the ACADEMY have experiences to recount or remedies to suggest.

F.

### THE BOOKSHELF

MR. SAMUEL TURNER made an interesting journey, two years ago, and in *Siberia: A record of Climbing, Travel and Exploration* (Unwin), he gives a plain, straightforward account of his adventures. He appears to have visited Siberia in the capacity of a butter-merchant; but, being a member of the Alpine Club, he incidentally made a dash for the Altai, where he not only achieved some first ascents, but added considerably to the scanty stock of knowledge which geographers

possessed concerning these distant peaks. The Royal Geographical Society could tell him little about them. The only literature of the subject in the Society's Library "consisted of a few lines translated from the Russian Geographical Society's Journal, to the effect that Professor Sapozhnikoff had climbed 13,300 feet of the south side of the Belukha, and from that elevation had determined the altitude of the mountain to be 14,800 feet, which is the height of the Matterhorn." Belukha was then the highest known mountain in Siberia, and several Siberian travellers doubted whether it was so high as was reported. Mr. Turner discovered that Professor Sapozhnikoff had measured his peak correctly, but that it was by no means the monarch of the mountains of the range. That distinction, pending further discoveries, belongs to Willer's Peak, which Mr. Turner climbed, and from which he looked down upon the Belukha mountain. "I placed," he writes, "my aneroid barometer on a sheltered ledge of rock and estimated the altitude of the mountain to be 17,850 feet, or, after deducting 50 feet for the known error, 17,800 feet." That, of course, makes Willer's Peak higher than anything in the Alps (for the altitude of Mont Blanc is only 15,780 feet) and higher than anything in the Caucasus except Elburz (18,465 feet). Mr. Turner ascended it at a most unfavourable season of the year, not only without the assistance of guides, but alone. It is a great feat, though the actual gymnastics of the ascent do not seem to have been difficult. Greater hardships and dangers, however, were incurred in the attempt upon Belukha, which still remains a virgin summit. At an altitude of 14,300 feet—a thousand feet beyond Professor Sapozhnikoff's furthest point—Mr. Turner left his card and turned back. On the descent an avalanche nearly carried him away, and after he had escaped from it, he very nearly fell into an ice-glazed gully, as the result of dropping some distance on to a slippery ledge that slanted outwards. His eyes, when he got back to camp, were so inflamed that he could only bear to open them for a few seconds at a time. The story is one of intense interest to all readers who follow Alpine literature, not only because of the novelty of the scene, but also because of Mr. Turner's lucid and simple manner of telling it. He furthermore used his camera to advantage, and his pages are well illustrated by numerous photographs.

O that mine enemy had—written a preface! Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., is no enemy of ours; but on reading his preface we wish he were. The quotation from Crabbe on the second page of *Through Free Republics of South America* (Heinemann, 21s. net) suggests that he is a very egotistic man.

"Books cannot always please, however good, Minds are not ever craving for their food," is very like Ben Jonson's "By God! 'tis good; and if you like it you may." Mr. Martin does not wish to "pose as an Aristarchos of Byzantium," nor does he "desire to be classed as a Zoilus." We do not know whether Mr. Martin fears that a public well read in the classics will compare him with Aristarchus of Tegea, Aristarchus of Samothrace, or Aristarchus of Samos; but whichever it be we can reassure him—the public is not so omniscient as he. And we should as soon have thought of classing him with Homer and Isocrates as with John Dennis, who was pilloried in "The Dunciad," or with the original Zoilus (perhaps we should call him Homeromastix.) True, Mr. Martin seems to "deal out fame and damnation at pleasure"; but we refuse to take him seriously. When he is launched on his book—when he becomes natural—we follow him with interest. We admire his industry—his book contains at least four hundred and fifty thousand words, and nearly all of them are useful—but we should have been thankful for a little condensation. The book contains a great deal of information—though it lacks arrangement—about the industries and people of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, and Venezuela; three useful maps; and a number of helpful illustrations.

In *The Care of Ancient Monuments* (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net), Professor Baldwin Brown gives a succinct summary of European legislation regarding the preservation of all objects of antiquity. The word monument is not used in its narrow colloquial sense to denote a memorial expressly set up in order to perpetuate the memory of a man or an event, but with the wider meaning which embraces the idea of any work of man's hands or of nature with which the memory of any past period is associated. The word thus covers any object of historic or artistic interest, and may even be used in connection with a scene of natural beauty. If this wide sense of the term—although perfectly correct—sound strange to English ears, and if in his book Professor Baldwin Brown is forced to employ phrases which clearly betray a foreign origin, perhaps this is already an indication that the subject of which he is treating is more familiar abroad than at home. We have, indeed, an Ancient Monuments Act, and the County Councils and other local authorities do, in fact, frequently bestir themselves in order to save from destruction some relic of the past. To these bodies and to the efforts of private individuals the author does full justice, but he does not attempt to hide the fact that much more is done in the way of organisation and administration in Germany, France and every other European country than in our own. It may come as a surprise to some readers that in the way of legislation comparatively little has been done even in other countries, but the fact that the same difficulties in the way of making such laws as are felt here are felt abroad may encourage English "Friends of Monuments" to study foreign methods of accomplishing their object without the aid of State legislation. In any case the record of accomplishment given in this book is indispensable for all who concern themselves with this thorny question, and in the first part they will find a moderate and carefully reasoned statement of the case in favour of preserving ancient remains.



## THE "COUNTRY LIFE" LIBRARY

NOW READY

PRICE 3s. 6d.

**DIFFERENT DRUMMERS**

BY

**EVELYNE E. RYND,**

Author of "Mrs. Green," "The Riggleses."

*Times*.—"The title is from Thoreau's fine saying, 'If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer'; and the author here shows that the humour of 'Mrs. Green' is only part of her literary outlook, for she touches with real skill the lives of those who do not walk in step with that delightful charwoman. There is a touch of her in one or two of the stories, but they are very varied—three of them in Normandy—and, in all, the chords of real and tender human feeling are touched with skill and sympathy."

NOW READY

**BIG GAME SHOOTING**

In Two Volumes

2 Vols., 25/- net, by post 25/8. Vols. 1 and 2, 12/6 each net, by post 12/11 each.

Edited by **HORACE G. HUTCHINSON**

NOW READY

**HALF A CENTURY OF SPORT IN HAMPSHIRE**

Being Extracts from the Shooting Journals of **JAMES EDWARD, SECOND EARL OF MALMESBURY**, with a Prefatory Memoir by his Great Grandson, **THE FIFTH EARL**.

Edited by **F. G. AFLALO**

Price 10/6 net.

**POLO****PAST AND PRESENT**By **T. F. DALE.**

Price 12/6 net, by post, 13/-

*Field*.—"Polo Past and Present" deals with the subject to the minutest detail, and the book is filled with useful hints and maxims. The style in which the information is proffered gains for the author the confidence of the reader, and to those who are interested in the subject comes the satisfaction, as they lay the book aside, that they have gained knowledge in the historical, theoretical, and practical views of Polo. It is given to few writers to thoroughly realise the niceties which surround the modern circumstance. In this Mr. Dale is particularly fortunate, for not only may the novice become initiated in what best concerns him, but the experienced may find pleasure in digesting the reminiscence of an observant mind. "Regimental Polo, elementary Polo, and the training of the Polo pony, each has its chapter, to be followed with an excellent treatise of Tournament Polo and Team-play, certainly the most instructive message the book contains and well worthy the consideration of the player. Mr. Dale gives detailed consideration to combination in match teams, and explains the why and wherefore, not always an easy task even for those who are high exponents of the game. Umpires and referees are given their corner, and many wholesome words of advice are spoken to guide the fulfilment of their duties."

"A very good chapter on the management and care of Polo grounds will prove of service to the troubled spirits of hard-worked secretaries, and the book closes with varied and complete information of Polo in Australia and America; rules of England and India; a full-fledged appendix of useful information; and last, but not least, a thoroughly efficient index."

**SHOOTING**

In Two Volumes

Edited by **Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON**

2 Vols., 25/- net, by post 25/8. Vols. 1 and 2, 12/ each net, by post 12/11 each.

**FISHING**Edited by **Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON**

Now Ready. In Two Volumes

With Coloured Plates of Salmon and Trout Flies. Over 350 Full-Page Illustrations with various diagrams.

2 Vols., 25/- net, by post, 25/10. Vols. 1 and 2, 12/6 each net, by post 13/- each.

**Roses for English Gardens**

By Miss **GERTRUDE JEKYLL** and **Mr. E. MAWLEY**,  
Illustrated with 190 full-page Plates. 12s. 6d. net.

**Lilies for English Gardens**

Written and compiled by Miss **GERTRUDE JEKYLL**. 8s. 6d. net.

**Wall and Water Gardens**

By Miss **GERTRUDE JEKYLL**, Author of "Wood and Garden."

Containing instructions and hints on the Cultivation of suitable plants on Dry Walls, Rock Walls, in Streams, Marshpools, Lakes, Ponds, Tanks and Water Margins. With 133 full-page illustrations. Large 8vo, 186 pp., Buckram, 12s. 6d. net.

**The Century Book of Gardening**

(SECOND EDITION)

Edited by **E. T. COOK**. A comprehensive Work for every Lover of the Garden. 624 pages, with about 600 illustrations 21s. net.

**Gardening for Beginners.**

(THIRD EDITION)

A Handbook to the Garden. By **E. T. COOK**. 12s. 6d. net.

**Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens**

By **E. T. COOK**, Editor of "The Garden." 12s. 6d. net.

Volumes I. and II.

**Gardens Old and New**

(The Country House and its Garden Environment.) Over 450 Superb illustrations in each Volume, printed on treble thick Art Paper, portraying in a manner never before attempted the greatest and most interesting Gardens and Homes in England. £2 2s. net each

**The Fruit Garden**

By **GEORGE BUNYARD** and **OWEN THOMAS**. Price 21s. net  
507 pages. Size 10½ by 7½ in.

**Sweet Violets and Pansies,****and Violets from Mountain and Plain**

Written by several authorities, and Edited by **E. T. COOK**, Editor of "The Garden," Author of "Trees and Shrubs," etc.  
Price 3s. 6d. net.

**The Book of British Ferns**

By **CHAS. T. DRUERY**, F.L.S., V.M.H., President of the British Pteridological Society. Price 3s. 6d. net.

**Carnations and Pinks**

Written by Experts and Edited by **E. T. COOK**. Price 3s. 6d.

# ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Incorporated [A.D. 1720.]

**Fire, Life, Sea, Annuities,  
Accidents,  
Employers' Liability.**

*The Corporation is prepared to act as*  
**Executor of Wills, Trustee of  
Wills and Settlements.**

**SPECIAL TERMS TO  
ANNUITANTS WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.**

**Funds in Hand . . . £5,250,000.**

*For full Prospectus apply to the SECRETARY.*

**Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.**

**West End Office: 29 PALL MALL, S.W.**

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER For JANUARY

*Commences a New Volume and contains  
Contributions by*

- D. C. BOULGER. British Distrust of Germany.  
J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P. Labour at the Forthcoming Election.  
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN. Moderate Reform in Ireland.  
MICHAEL MACDONAGH. The Making of Parliament.  
W. B. ROBERTSON. Les Octrois.  
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. The Genealogy of the Thoroughbred Horse.  
THE REV. G. MONROE ROYCE. The Antagonism of the Prophet and the Priest.  
JAMES W. BARCLAY. Malthusianism and the Declining Birth Rate.  
THE LADY BURGHCLERE. Strafford as a Letter-Writer.  
E. B. OSBORN. New Zealand Football.  
SIR ROLAND K. WILSON, OF DELHI, BART. Should Indian Mahomedans entail their Estates?  
MISS YEI THEODORA OZAKI. The Tragedy of Kesa Gozen.  
MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD. Lafcadio Hearn.  
COL. SPENCER CHILDERS, C.B., R.E. The Chancellor's Robe—a Bygone Incident.  
THE REV. DR. GUINNESS ROGERS. "Tabernacle" versus Nation.  
HERBERT PAUL. The New Government.

LONDON: SPOTTISWOODE & COMPANY, LTD.,  
5 NEW STREET SQUARE.

## PUBLISHERS' MEDIA.

### THE PALL MALL GAZETTE. 10, 12, 14, and 16 Pages Daily

THE EVENING PAPER OF THE EDUCATED MAN AND HIS FAMILY.  
Famous for its brilliant Reviews of current Literature, and without doubt  
the best Evening Paper in the Kingdom for Publishers' Announcements.  
Special Columns for New Books. Next to Literary Matter every Day.

OFFICES: NEWTON STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

### THE DAILY CHRONICLE. 10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—  
The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes, Full Resumé of the Principal  
Musical, Art, and Dramatic Events. Science and Art Specially dealt with.  
Fullest Reports of all Current Events and Special Telegrams from Correspondents  
Everywhere.

### THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

A Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each Week. Also List of Books Received.

**SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS'  
ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

### THE ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.

The Morning Newspaper for Aberdeen and the Northern Half of Scotland.

Reviews of Books appear on Mondays and Thursdays, and on other days as required.

Book Advertisements are inserted on Literary Page.

**NEW BOOKS ARE PROMPTLY REVIEWED.**

LONDON OFFICE: 149, FLEET STREET, E.C.

### THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS

Is the most widely circulating paper in the four Western Counties.

LONDON PRIVATE WIRE OFFICE: 49, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Telegraphic Address: "PLYMOUTHISM, LONDON."

Telephone No.: 165 HOLBORN.

### THE LIVERPOOL COURIER.

ESTABLISHED 1808. DAILY AND WEEKLY.

"The Liverpool Courier" is a first-class newspaper having a very large  
circulation in Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales.

**SPECIAL PUBLISHERS' PAGE EVERY FRIDAY.**

### THE DUNDEE COURIER

Has double the circulation of any Morning Paper North of the Forth.

*Literary Notes on Monday. Reviews on Wednesdays.*

London Office, 109 Fleet Street, E.C.

Every Day is Publishers' Day in the

### WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

Special enlarged issues on SATURDAYS, which appeal particularly to the  
reading public on account of their interesting literary contents.

TUDOR HOUSE, TUDOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.

### JUST PUBLISHED

3s. 6d. net

## THE THREE RESURRECTIONS AND THE TRIUMPH OF MAEVE POEMS

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.



1903

lly

doubt  
nts.

pal  
th.

ed.

nd.  
d.

ss.

arge

o the

ld. ne

IS

E

c.